

# SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,017 Vol. 116.

23 August 1913.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK. . . . .	221	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		A Great Spiritualist. By Leonard		A Message from Australia. (Travers	
For the Olympic Pot-Hunters . . . . .	224	Inkster . . . . .	233	Hartley Falkiner) . . . . .	237
The "Labour" Bubble Pricked . . . . .	225	Hedgerows and Climbing Plants. By		The New Forest Flora. (Dorothy	
President Wilson's Mexican Dilemma . . . . .	226	John Vaughan, Canon of Win-		Thorburn) . . . . .	238
New Windows for Old . . . . .	227	chester . . . . .	234	"Tango." (H. Warner Allen) . . . . .	238
THE CITY . . . . .	228	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Index to "Diatessarica." (Mary	
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		Beautiful London. (Sir William Eden		Abbott) . . . . .	238
The Moabite's Holiday. By Filson		Bart.) . . . . .	235	The Brontë Letters. (William Poel) . . . . .	238
Young . . . . .	229	Congested Traffic . . . . .	236	Modern Journalism . . . . .	238
More Popular Music. By John F.		The Referendum and the Sovereignty		REVIEWS:	
Runciman . . . . .	230	of the People. (John H. Hum-		Goethe and a Scheme of Life . . . . .	239
A London Forum. By W. R.		phreys) . . . . .	236	M. Ollivier's Retrospect . . . . .	240
Lethaby . . . . .	231	Buckingham Palace Façade. (A. G.		The Medieval Parish . . . . .	240
Letter from Wilder Spain: Barrosa		Atkinson) . . . . .	236	"The Majority Have Previously	
Re-visited. By Colonel Willoughby		Mr. Lloyd George and Lord North-		Appeared" . . . . .	241
Verner . . . . .	232	bourne . . . . .	236	"Words, Words, Words" . . . . .	242
		A Man's Prescription for Woman		Christianity and Socialism . . . . .	242
		Suffragists. (E. A. W. Phillips) . . . . .	236	"Rosalind in Arden" and other	
				Novels . . . . .	243
				SHORTER NOTICES . . . . .	244

*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Northcliffe (through his papers, the "Times" and the "Daily Mail") and some others are asking the British public to give £100,000 to collect and train young men to run or jump at some athletic sports to be held three years hence. If this country is giving up taking business seriously, it is in deadly earnest over games. This £100,000 scheme shows more deliberate thought, more careful looking forward, than is given either to business or government. And all about a few races. The public will give the £100,000; precisely the sum which could have saved for the nation the "Mill". To keep in England a unique work of Rembrandt not a finger was lifted. To bring back the Olympic ashes the whole people, led by the nose by the Harmsworth press, is agog.

The scheme floats under Royal patronage. What did Royal patronage do to save the Rembrandt? What does Royal patronage ever do for art in this country now?

Last year a Colonial bishop asked for £100,000 to spend among the English scattered along the Pacific side. He got—with great difficulty—£6,000. But he wanted money to spend on schools, on churches, on things that matter; not on games. So he could not get it.

The Derry riots have left a painful impression. Most Irish riots do that—on somebody; but in this fighting usually no one loses his life. Not that this proves the victim's side to be in the right or to be the defenders. But necessarily such an event is not forgotten, and the fires of vengeance are stirred. Of all fighting mere rioting is the worst. It determines nothing;

it is the outcome of temper, not of resolve. War is horrible but respectable; rioting is just blackguardism let loose. Nothing could be worse for either party in Ireland than to be associated with rioting, and we believe the leaders of both sides recognise this.

But the most unpleasant result of these Derry riots is the doubt engendered as to the Royal Irish Constabulary. Ulster Unionists make very clear and serious charges against the police in Derry. They say the police looked on unconcernedly while violent deeds were done under their very eyes. The Constabulary have been so loyal and so fine a force altogether that we shrink from allowing any suspicion of their trustworthiness to arise. But we have a misgiving lest belief that the Government would not desire any vigorous interference with Nationalists, even when rioting, may not have tempered constables' zeal. Southern Unionists, however, seem to retain their faith in the R.I.C., which is a consolation. But an inquiry into the bearing of the police at Derry ought certainly to be held at once.

Sir Martin Dillon, who died last Monday, joined the Army no less than seventy years ago, and, as a subaltern, did good service in the Punjaub campaign of 1848-49, under Colin Campbell and Sir Charles Napier. In recognition of his good work he was promoted to a company in the Rifle Brigade in 1856, both Battalions being at the time in the Crimea. From the day he joined he developed an almost fanatical admiration for the soldierly qualities of the men of "The Rifles", who had fought throughout that most arduous campaign, and he was never weary of describing his experiences among them. He subsequently served throughout the Indian Mutiny with the 2nd Battalion, and was severely wounded. It was now that he attracted the attention of that great soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala, whom he accompanied to the China War and, later on, to Abyssinia.

Lord Napier had the highest opinion of his military qualities, and used to say that when he was Commander-in-Chief in India he was deeply indebted to Dillon for the tact with which he shielded him

from the importunities of men with grievances. This Dillon would do by engaging them in deeply interesting conversation, which Lord Napier slyly named "Dillon's ripple". The Duke of Cambridge had a very great regard for him, and he was among H.R.H.'s most devoted and intimate friends until the time of his death. Indeed all who knew him loved him, for he was a man of singularly loveable qualities. Not least among these was his intense affection and touching devotion to his old regiment, of which he was a Colonel-Commandant at the time of his death.

Emile Ollivier was best known to Englishmen as the head of the Ministry under Napoleon III. at the time of the war of 1870. He used a phrase about entering on the war with a light heart, and he spent the next forty-two years in making elaborate explanations of it in one form or another. Whatever his responsibility for the war, he never succeeded in getting back into public life, though he did to a considerable extent bring Frenchmen round to a more judicial view of the part he played in those great events. Even yet, Republicans and Liberals contrive to forget that it was they who thwarted Napoleon and prevented the Government being prepared for wars. Ollivier ought to have imposed their share of responsibility on them by resigning.

Apart from controversy, Ollivier has won distinction as the historian of the two short years of his Ministry which preceded the war and his downfall. He very naturally took the opportunity, in the fifteen or sixteen volumes, for a little quiet revenge. He maintained that the course of public affairs under the Republic showed that France had lost her ancient ideals. An old man of eighty-eight might be excused even if he were wrong; and probably he was not. Anyhow, the reference to international exhibitions and illuminated fountains taking the place of the former French spirit was a stinging retort for much that had been said against him and the Empire.

The Turk, with his usual bad taste, is not respecting the Ambassadors' holiday, but is pushing in the Adrianople question, holding that as he has got an army in Thrace he may use it, even in August. The Powers would like to ignore the whole thing, but Bulgaria is sending her protests to the newspapers. Apologists for Sir Edward Grey are appealing to the Porte to be sensible and consolidate in Asia Minor under European supervision. The Porte, or rather the military group which controls the Porte, objects that an Empire resting on military prestige must lose no chance of recovering its prestige, and that money is a secondary consideration. There is much to be said for this view, and if the Turks were Christians few would dispute it. But being what they are, the Turks are always wrong.

Collective interference by Europe is out of the question. The one Power likely to act is Russia. Both the Russian Government and Russian public opinion are bitterly anti-Turk, and are not likely to be satisfied with diplomatic notes backed by nothing. If the situation is allowed to go on, it will end in a Russian ultimatum and a European crisis. Whatever happens Britain, unable to support Turkey without eating her words and unable to oppose her without strengthening Russian prestige throughout the East, is in a humiliating position. So we may trust Sir Edward Grey to let things drift in the hope that they will improve.

When the German Emperor admires a man he does not hesitate to say so, and his toast on the Austrian Emperor's birthday was mainly an expression of personal regard. The critics have read into it a hint that the little diplomatic dispute between the two Powers is over and that Germany is again ready to back her ally. That is how Press sensations are worked up. Germany is and always has been ready to support Austria against Russia, but the alliance leaves both Powers freedom of diplomatic action, and both have availed themselves of it. The German Emperor

put into his speech a rebuke to those who regarded such divergencies as reflecting on the strength of the Alliance. Europe's nerves must be in a ragged state for such a truism to need stating.

The German Government has decided finally not to take part in the Panama Exhibition. Officially Germany will not be there. Great Britain and Germany are in line in this matter. The game is not worth the candle. Our Government will hardly be put off its decision by Sir Thomas Lipton's censure of them. He may have been the friend of a king; that does not of necessity qualify him to advise the country generally. Sir Thomas is pained at the inconsistency of the Government's refusal with all the gush about "Anglo-Saxon Friendship" and "English-speaking races". Then let him stop gushing and see things as they are. He really must not take himself as spokesman for England to the American people.

General Huerta has refused to accept any of Mr. Lind's suggestions. Mr. Lind is an irregular, but he represents the mind of President Wilson. It is not very surprising that General Huerta did not welcome the American suggestions, which include his own retirement. President Wilson is now merely holding back settlement and the restoration of order in Mexico by not recognising Huerta's Government.

Mr. Sulzer's refusal to surrender the Great Seal of State, and Mr. Glynn's insistence on his right to regard himself as Acting Governor in view of the Governor's pending impeachment, have reduced the affairs of New York to chaos. The State is split in twain, and one set of officials stands by Mr. Sulzer whilst another takes its orders from Mr. Glynn. It is a pretty quarrel, and throws into vivid relief the peculiarities of American morals in Government matters. Whatever the facts may prove to be as to Mr. Sulzer's use of election funds, the situation in Albany at this moment is the direct outcome of his too inquisitive methods in dealing with affairs over which Tammany claims a monopoly. If Mr. Sulzer, having used Tammany to secure office, were to be allowed a free hand in authority, there would be an end of Tammany's dictatorship, and the strongest presumptive evidence in Mr. Sulzer's favour is Tammany's determination to break him.

"Harry Thaw's Escape." This is a "Times" head-line in big type. Journalistic advance! This disgusting case has now been revived, and all the papers are revelling in it. None of the Thaws is of the slightest importance, and it is of no public consequence whether the man Harry Thaw is a homicidal lunatic or simply a murderer. However, Americans take interest in the Thaws' proceedings, as they are millionaires, and they have set themselves to exercise the millionaires' privilege to defeat the law. It is a sporting event how far they will succeed. Thaw has been arrested in Canada, and the question is whether he can be extradited to New York; if not, whether Canada can legally deport him as an undesirable immigrant under the immigration laws.

If there has ever been any doubt as to the real purpose behind Sir Wilfrid Laurier's opposition to the Borden naval policy, there can be none after his latest speech in Quebec. He confesses that so far back as 1902 he rejected proposals intended to concentrate the military powers of the Empire in London. He is therefore consistent, as we have always recognised him to be, in his determination to leave Canada free to act as she feels inclined in any Imperial crisis. There would be co-operation, if there were co-operation at all, only after Canada had been convinced that the cause of the Empire was Canada's. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has never understood that there could be no such middle course. Canada must either fight for the Empire or haul down the flag. If his words mean anything they mean separation, which is precisely what Mr. Borden said of Sir Wilfrid's attitude long ago. Mr. Borden knows the man, and that he is not loyal to the Empire.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier talks of Canada looking after her own defence in a manner commensurate with her growing population and wealth. She is not even doing that, to say nothing of placing herself in a position to contribute to the defence of the Empire. Sir Ian Hamilton's report on the Dominion forces will not be pleasant reading to the self-respecting Canadian. Canada is not doing for herself what Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are doing, and Sir Ian Hamilton says that she is not making provision up to the limit of her resources for her own defence. It will take two or three years to organise her forces so that she can hope successfully to resist even a raid, great or small. And at a time when her military forces are so inadequate, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would add to her weakness by creating an independent flotilla which would be wiped out of existence in a single conflict with a respectable fleet.

General Botha's straight talk to the Trades Federation leaders has not improved the industrial outlook in South Africa and the sinister General Hertzog is of course seeking to make capital out of the Prime Minister's troubles. The opposition of the Federation has caused the Government to abandon its Industrial Commission, and a less satisfactory departmental inquiry will be substituted. The Railway Commission will sit notwithstanding the refusal of the Federation to assist, and to emphasise its independence the Federation intends to appoint a Commission of its own to investigate the recent Rand riots. Then there are to be a Commission of experts to deal with hours and wages, and a round-table conference between the mine-owners and miners. South Africa will be over-run by Commissioners, official and unofficial, and from conflicting reports statesmanship will seek in vain to extract wisdom and guidance. Prompt settlement is not likely to be the outcome.

All the eddies and cross-currents which lent a certain speculative interest to the Chesterfield election simply left matters where they were. Notwithstanding the intrusion of a purely Socialist candidate, the Liberal poll was increased by nearly 450, while the Unionist advanced by nearly 500. The Socialist vote did not affect the result either way—it was under 600. Mr. Christie fought well against impossible odds. Chesterfield is a Liberal seat. Mr. Kenyon is a Liberal and the support of the professed Labour party helped him. Possibly Mr. George's blessing and Mr. Macdonald's curse neutralised each other.

Railway men generally seem to be in the mood that leads to the reckless strike. In London, Birmingham, York and elsewhere great meetings have been held, at which the Conciliation Boards were denounced as slow. Yet Mr. Wardle, the editor of the "Railway Review", told the Birmingham meeting they have added between two and three millions to wages. The Boards are attacked because they draw off many men from the unions. What seems to be in the minds of the dissatisfied is a campaign to make men unionists. Starting from this they have a programme of an eight hours day, intended to bring another seventy thousand men into employment. This accomplished, the thirty shillings a week minimum wage becomes feasible. At present the excess of labour makes it impossible. This and nationalising in order to pool receipts in the case of companies not earning dividends makes up the so-much-heard-of railway unrest.

A circular issued by the Management Committee of the Northumberland Miners to the lodges ought to be taken to heart by many other workmen. The "strike-for-everything advocate" is, as they say, very busy, and he gets listened to while the responsible men who manage the finances have to find the funds for various follies. Three possible strikes are being discussed in Northumberland at present, and the management calls attention to the probable cost and the situation generally. At present there is an overdraft at the

bankers of £16,000, no money in hand, and interest to pay at 3½ per cent. The cost of a county strike is £24,000 a week, to be multiplied by many weeks on any of the questions at issue. A strike ought to be the last resort in any case, the committee says, and never started without the means to strike hard and long enough. Most strikes now seem to go on the opposite principle.

There is a remarkable decline in outdoor relief due to Old Age Pensions. Since 1911, when the pauper disqualification was removed, a reduction of close on ninety-five per cent. on the whole is announced. In some counties there is now practically no outdoor relief of old persons over seventy. A balance sheet of gains and losses from the Old Age Pensions Act would be rather a complex business, and we have seen no attempt made to furnish it. But the ratepayer as ratepayer at least gains much. In the County of London, for instance, the pensions are equivalent to a rate of fourpence in the pound. There are 450 pensioners to the thousand in London County generally; in Bermondsey over seven hundred; and in Northamptonshire over eight hundred; so that the ratepayers gain in different degrees. On the whole of England and Wales the Treasury sum amounts to a rate of ninepence in the pound.

How much of this is clear gain one cannot say, as many pensioners would probably never have required relief. It must be taken that most of them would be either in the workhouse or relieved outside. The gain is moral as well, so far as the sense of pauperism is eliminated. An excess number of pensioners who were unlikely paupers would be a sign that the Act was doing its work in this respect. There is no information; but we know there is a dark side. At inquests held in London the most piteous stories have been told of pensioners dying of starvation through trying the impossible feat of living on five shillings a week. In some other cases the pensioners have been starved by their own families.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the East Coast on Saturday was lined with folk anxious to catch a passing glimpse of the great waterplane flight. The weather defeated the first attempt, and the "Daily Mail" £5000 for a round-Britain voyage in a British-made waterplane with a British engine has yet to be won. The sun prevented Mr. Hawker from getting farther than Yarmouth, and the wind and the waves made it impossible for Mr. Pickles, who pluckily took his place, to leave the neighbourhood. Mr. Hawker's breakdown was the more regrettable because had he been able to go on, he might have escaped the conditions which placed Mr. Pickles in peril.

Any protest about the decency of music-hall performances and the morals of the performers is very impressive when it comes so delightfully from the artists themselves. And it is they this time, and not Dr. Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Meyer, who are raising the first outcry against the notorious Jack Johnson's reappearance in London, though these gentlemen as usual join in. It cannot be as a music-hall performer they are objecting to Johnson. He has given exhibitions of boxing for years, and did so at several halls in London since the Jefferies fight. At present he is doing the same thing in Paris and Brussels. It is all the more gratifying that as Johnson is so regular a music-hall performer, the English artists should be objecting to his exhibition on the ground of a certain "unsavoury notoriety" attaching to his recent appearances in the Law Courts. This introduces a very desirable rule for the contracts of public performers. In future at least for music-hall artistes we shall look for the indispensable combination of perfect professional skill and personal propriety.

We hope the world is getting better; but the opening address to the conference of the Institute of Journalists,

which their president, Mr. Robert Donald, gave them on Monday at York, makes us doubt whether the Press has improved as much as Mr. Donald thinks in the last twenty years. In any case, his forecast of what journalism will be twenty years hence makes us willing to die forthwith. His whole argument was based on the assumption—which might easily be proved a fallacy—that journalistic progress can be measured by the increase both in the numbers of the reading public and in the amount they read. There was also a hint that the easier you make it for people to read—the less you give them to think about—the greater is the benefit to them! Anyone who feels uncomfortable after reading Mr. Donald should try a few seventeenth-century sermons, say those of John Donne.

The authorities of the Liverpool Athenæum, a social, literary and scientific club of long standing, seem to be in much the same kind of "hot water" as were the Corporation of Bedford not long ago. The Athenæum is under the fire of patriotic criticism for having sold the Glenriddell manuscripts of Burns out of the country for £5000, though their title both to ownership and to control is admitted. The doubt lies farther back: did Dr. Currie, whose son's widow presented the manuscripts to the Athenæum, acquire them from the Riddell family by gift, or by the simple process of keeping what had been loaned to him? "Caveat emptor": we can hardly conceive ourselves giving £5000 for any autograph MS. of Burns.

The most striking feature of the dead musical season now is the total unimportance of the provincial musical festivals. Once upon a time they were awaited with interest and in some quarters with impatience; the "novelties" of the year were produced at them and the London papers took care to send their critics or reporters. A concert in Leeds was almost as vital a matter to the sub-editor as a murder in Houndsditch; year after year accounts of features of that famous town, or of Birmingham or Norwich, interspersed with compliments to the local mayor and generous guarantors, filled a couple of columns; year after year the novelty was Sir Something Somebody's greatest achievement, was destined to live, conferred lustre on the city which witnessed its production, and all the rest of it.

Alas! evil days have come. The reporter no more flatters the local mayor and the generous guarantors; he no longer with a free hand confers half a column of immortality on still-born compositions. Save in one or two papers edited by old-fashioned gentlemen who don't know B flat from a bull's foot you see no mention of brave provincial musical doings. The reason is not hard to find. Londoners and provincials alike have found these affairs were not musical at all—they were a device for levying a tax on strangers for the local hospitals. The public ceased to support them; the local grandee who cheerfully guaranteed £1000 so long as he had nothing to pay withdrew his name as soon as he found he had to pay something; and it occurred to composers, even the worst of them, that it was useless to write an oratorio for a beggarly fee when there was no hope of a gratis advertisement in the daily Press.

London is a good place in a drought or in droughty weather. In London you can always get shade; you can always get water; you can always get even flowers. But our special pull over the countryside in long dryth is our little bits of green. Travelling up, one is sorry at the long stretches of brown where one looked for green. Once in London, patches of green, real bright green against dark surroundings, meet the eye here and there all the way. Artificial watering saves the grass. Come from a dust-tired tract of country and enter into the close of S. Paul's, Covent Garden, and the quiet and the green will refresh you mightily. The green here is helped by the architecture of the church and the simple stone setting of the lawns.

#### FOR THE OLYMPIC POT-HUNTERS.

WHY have we not a Secretary of State for Games?

Games are the serious interest of this country now. Games are what people of all classes talk about and really think about. It is the only thing nine men and women out of ten do think about—below the age of forty, at any rate, and there are plenty of old dotards on games as well. Ask the first man you meet in the street, and he will be able to tell you much more of the careers of professional cricketers and footballers (it ought to be called in these days baseball) than of any soldier or scholar or public man. He will know a good deal even about historic players of old, while he would probably think Julius Caesar was an Englishman, if he had "ever heard of the gentleman", and could not tell you of a single thing Edward I. did; and if you mentioned the Pitts would begin to talk of the coal strike. We are in earnest about games; we will take trouble about them; we will go a long way to see them played and beg or steal the means to pay the gate-money. We will even subscribe to pay runners' and jumpers' and hoppers' and skippers' expenses: we will subscribe more than we can afford, sacrificing our lawful debtors cheerfully in the great cause, to enable a characterless man to win a pot "for his country"! This is modern patriotism. Ask money for things that really matter to the nation and you will not get it. A fund for pot-hunting athletes "goes"; the memorial to Lord Wolseley flags. Where do the "Friends of the National Gallery" come in competition with the friends of "sport"? Sport! It is an outrage on the word to speak of this Olympic business—hard sheer cash business right through—as sport. Try to get £100,000 for great scientific work; try to get it for agriculture; try to get it to save antiquities and places of historic interest; well, you will not get it, that is all. If Stonehenge were offered to the public to save it being bought by a Yankee for £100,000, would the British public rise? They would pass by, not even troubling to look. The money might be forthcoming, because some rich man, who happened to have a soul, would come down with £95,000. It is never the public that cares for any great thing; large amounts are not raised by small subscriptions; it is always a few rich ones that save the situation. Yet what a vast sum a very small tax which all or a large number have to pay will produce! But this £100,000 for the Olympic pot-hunters will be raised, and by the public. An athletic meeting—a ludicrous imitation of what was once a living festival with a real symbolic meaning—which is notoriously unsportsmanlike in character, moves the British public. They shirk military service—they shrink from conscription; they will not make that effort, but they will pay for the Olympic athletes gladly: it is for the honour of the country! They are such good patriots, these game-sots. Games, then, being the one thing all classes in this country are now serious about, surely we want a Secretary of State to look after them. He would be a most powerful Minister; very soon the most powerful; for the country would take infinitely more interest in him and his doings than in any other department. The Secretary for War would be nowhere beside him. What are our soldiers compared with our athletes? And the First Lord of the Admiralty? Mr. Churchill would soon give that job up if a Ministry for Games were set up. He would scent the really important job very quickly.

It is almost incredible that men who have distinguished themselves in honest amateur sport at school and college, any man in fact who is a gentleman, should be mixed up with this monstrous show. One can understand Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir Conan Doyle backing it. It is an imitation of American methods; it is on lines English gentlemen have always turned away from. We do not quite see why the country should be run by mammoth grocers and popular story-tellers, even though these also pose as historians. One understands their point of view; but what one of the Studds, or what Mr. G. S. Robertson can find pleasing in this



show is hard indeed to understand. Does Mr. Robertson really like the American ideal of athletics? Does he wish us to adopt their code? Did he himself ever regard throwing the hammer or putting the weight, in which he did good service for Oxford, as the main thing in life? Does he think it dignified and admirable that a man should take any game as a serious matter after he has left college? Does he think a man is a real amateur, or indeed sportsman at all, we might say gentleman at all, who lets any game be the real interest of his whole life—his occupation? What does it matter whether he is actually paid in cash for his "Marathoning" or his "Pentathloning" or not? He escapes being technically a professional, but there are plenty of ways of paying an athlete besides by an open fee. The man who takes a fee is much better. He is straight. But the too familiar type of amateur who is really a "pro" is not honest. He is an offence to all gentlemen and all sportsmen. We should have thought Mr. Robertson would loathe him even more than most men, and would not be mixed up with a business, the whole force of which is to manufacture this contemptible type. We refer to Mr. Robertson especially because he has had much to do with these Olympic shows, yet is something more than a retired athlete. Did he not write the prize Pindaric ode as well as throw the hammer? Being a scholar and an intellectual, he is not doomed to spend his life haunting the scene of his former exploits, that most melancholy of all sports, the athletic veteran. We do not seriously ask men of Mr. Robertson's type whether they think it good for England that games should be taken so seriously as he and his colleagues are asking the country to take the Olympic games, which, by the way, bear about as much resemblance to the real Olympic games as the modern Greek to Perikles or a monkey to a man. It is certainly delicious to hear the crowd of spectators indulging in classical allusions, knowing not at all what they mean. If we must have an international meeting, we might avoid the drivel of dragging in Olympia and Marathon and so on. We are now soberly asked, indeed, we are prayed and pressed, to put money in the hat for amateurs, amateurs! mark you, who are to perform three years hence, in 1916; we are to do it to build up an organisation which shall be working daily for three years simply with a view to winning prizes in some athletic sports.

Any man or woman that had a shadow of a sense of humour would see the ludicrous disproportion of the means and the object. If it were preparation for a war of existence certain to come in 1916, preparation could not be more serious, and probably would be a good deal less so. If we do this, how can we honestly tell school boys and girls not to make games the main thing in their life? They, indeed, have excuse for doing it: school and college is the place, and school and college is the age for game competitions. But most of us feel they can be, and are, taken too seriously even in schools. Surely it has always been the English idea (we do not mean that it is not other people's idea too) that a race or a game is a recreation; it is not business, and is not to be taken with the seriousness of work. The moment you introduce such methods as they practise in America, it is no longer sport, but the business of winning at any cost. This is a degraded and contemptible notion, and the person who cares for his miserable pot or for winning at all more than for the game itself is a pitiable creature. An Englishman should much prefer that our athletes, taking athletics in the true amateur and gentleman's spirit, should lose rather than win by adopting the lower code of practical professionals passing as amateurs. Read an article in the "Times" on "Preparation in America". It is said to be by an American, so it will hardly be unfair to the Americans. "The college man", he tells us, "begins work [that is, games] when college opens and does not cease when the scholastic year is over". The truth comes out when the writer innocently speaks of the college athlete's "work". "The American athlete is in

almost constant preparation . . . in spring, summer, autumn, and winter." This is recreation. "There are coaches [in the colleges] for almost every branch of sport, and the sprinter is often trained by one professional, the middle distance runner by another, the distance runner by another, while the field sports all have their coaches." "The prizes offered at the athletic meetings are well worth winning, expenses are often paid to induce the cracks to appear at games other than those of their colleges or clubs, and the desire for medals in the young athlete is much greater than it was when American amateur athletics first became popular." Naïvely, with charming simplicity, the writer goes on to say: "There is a general opinion that there is something more in sport than the winning of prizes". What a discovery! Fancy anyone saying there was a general opinion in England that pot-hunting was not everything in sport! Do the Duke of Westminster, Lord Roberts, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, and Mr. G. S. Robertson want to foster this sort of athletic spirit here? It is what they are doing, anyway. If we cannot win in this ridiculous business without adopting the ways of professionals, infinitely better to lose as gentlemen. The right thing would have been to stand aside entirely. International meetings make neither for good feeling nor good sport. None knows this so well as he who has had anything to do with running these mock Olympias.

#### THE "LABOUR" BUBBLE PRICKED.

MR. KENYON has made good his point that, in certain parts of Northern England at any rate, a Labour man is only a Radical with trade union associations and not, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had falsely pretended, a being apart. There is a difference in environment and social standing which may perhaps alter political perspective, but that is all; there is no difference in ideas. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, both shrewd electioneers, emphasised the same point in their telegrams, and the telegrams certainly did the Government no harm among the miners. On the other hand, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has taken the view that the Labour party is a separate entity, and this view is, of course, maintained at Westminster by all the formalities of separate whips and so on. But to argue that whips make a party is the same as to argue that the election of a Parliament makes a constitutional nation, a piece of childishness of which several Labour members have been guilty. To do them justice they are consistent in their blindness. Also it must be granted that in one or two respects they have struck out a line of their own. There are certain issues in which the Labour men may be trusted to oppose both the older parties. If it be a question of weakening the Navy, of cutting down the Civil List, of hampering the Indian executive, or of advocating a milk-and-water foreign policy, the representatives of Labour are sure to have plenty to say. But these are just the questions on which labour itself admittedly holds strong convictions directly at variance with those of its representatives. This is the first reason for the failure of the Labour party. Its members claim to be able to speak for labour because they spring from it. But whenever a question arises on which it is possible for an external observer to test the justice of their claim it is found to be groundless.

The second reason for their failure is that their leaders are not Labour men at all. Ask the man in the street to name some of these Labour M.P.s and he would probably start off with Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. None of them is typical of the working man. Mr. Keir Hardie is a political dodo, a bourgeois with the ideas of 1830; Mr. Snowden is a Socialist; and Mr. MacDonald a doctrinaire Radical. Such men speak for themselves and not for labour and they know it; it is for this reason that they do not trouble to modify their more extravagant and non-representative opinions. On

the contrary, they give them every expression even to the neglect of their proper business. And here we come to the chief cause of the party's collapse. Its members do not make labour questions their main interest. Look at their behaviour this session alone. The greatest need for urban labour is better housing. There has been before Parliament this session a Unionist Housing Bill for which the Labour party would most certainly vote, if the Unionists were in power, in order to claim credit for passing it. The party regarded this Bill as an embarrassment because it made it difficult for them to maintain their nominal principles without sacrificing their real object of keeping the Government in office. They got out of their difficulty by abusing Mr. Burns and Mr. Burns turned and kicked them. They deserved it. Again, a great need of urban labour is better main roads to hasten communication and enlarge the habitable area about the towns. From the point of view of the urban artisan the institution of the Road Board is the most important thing that has happened this century. But have the Labour party criticised the Road Board and insisted on its quickening its expenditure? The party has not even demanded a seat upon it and still seems to cling to the exploded notion that motor cars are only the rich man's concern. Or take finance. It cannot be denied that a remission of twopence duty on Indian tea would be a real boon to Labour. The only member of the party to admit this was Mr. John Ward, and he excused himself from supporting Lord Wolmer's amendment by the cheap device of doubting its sincerity. The others simply did what Mr. Lloyd George told them. When great issues are forward like the coal strike and the railway strike, the Labour party ceases to count. Negotiations are really between the Government and the trade union officials, and the Labour members fuss about like so many surplus clowns at a circus. Labour itself is beginning to feel that when one of its men goes into Parliament a good official has been lost and nothing gained. The truth is that the Labour M.P. sets himself to cultivate the very qualities which make him different from the typical working man, his fluency, his crotchety opinions, and so on; and the result is that the working man ceases to know him. Only one section of the party still retains any respect, and that is the Socialist section; and it would probably be a deal better off in the long run if it called itself by its proper name. The rest are despised in the House and among the electorate, so that Mr. Smith had every right to speak of them with contumely. To use such language of a real Labour party would be madness in a democratic politician. As things are it was as well calculated as well deserved.

What a contrast against the expectations of 1906! "How is our era of Hope clouded now!" Politicians then hoped that the inarticulate masses had found tongues at last and the first speeches of the new Labour members filled the House. The size and attention of the audience was proof of the need of a true Labour party. We should like to see a party which stood for the interests of labour as consistently and exclusively as Mr. Redmond's party has stood for Home Rule. This party would act as a party on all matters affecting labour, would bring every possible pressure to bear on the Ministry of the day to get Labour questions put into the forefront, and on all other questions would leave its supporters free to speak, vote, or abstain exactly as they chose. The only time when such a party would be concerned to keep a Government in office would be when the Opposition was fighting a serious Labour Bill. But such a contingency would never occur. Oppositions are composed of practical men, and in these days it is futile to dream of constitutional resistance to a measure demanded by organised labour. That is the penalty for a democratic suffrage. A party of this sort would introduce an incalculable element into our politics but would soon be recognised as a valuable force. For the fact is that though labour is organised economically, it is not organised politically, and in spite of its

weight of numbers is far less effective at the ballot-box than the lower middle-class vote which has brought Mr. Lloyd George to power. Though social legislation is so much talked of, it is all guesswork. Witness, for example, the surprising reception given to the Insurance Act. The truth is that labour has not yet begun to think clearly about its own political interests and not the least benefit of a real Labour party would be its influence on the electorate. It would compel the Labour vote to make up its mind.

There are parties representing at least some section of the Labour vote in almost every country in Europe, but apart from the avowed Socialists there is no such party in England. The way in which the Labour movement ran off the rails when it got its chance in 1906 shows that labour itself has no desire for such representation. This is a remarkable fact. It is not enough to say that labour is politically immature, that it has the vote but does not know how to use it. Everybody who has ever spoken on an election platform knows that there are some questions on which labour has a very definite mind of its own, and have probably felt rather surprised that there were not more of them. The truth lies rather in the fact that the best labour men are avowed members of one or other of the great parties. There is, for example, a real Tory working class in Birmingham and Liverpool just as there is a real Radical working class in many parts of Scotland. So far from emphasising their class consciousness the pick of our working men are at pains to suppress it and prefer to throw in their lot with parties proclaiming themselves national. Nothing is better illustrative of the essential unity and compactness of our people than this fact. It is because of this that an intellectual in England who goes to the people, studies them, and honestly endeavours to formulate their aspirations toils in vain, whereas in France he may become a leader of a party whose influence is far greater than its voting strength would support. No doubt in moments of crisis it is a blessing to the nation that one party should be able to claim to represent it all. But in the humdrum business of Parliamentary work there is a lack of completeness due to this absence of a specific labour vote. Clearly labour does not want a party, and for that reason has not got it; so there is no more to be said. But what an interesting study such a party would make!

#### PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN DILEMMA.

PRESIDENT WILSON is not happy in his method of dealing with Mexican affairs, and now his last chance of coming to a colourable compromise with the Huerta régime has been swept away. We never believed that the Mexican Dictator would publicly acknowledge his position to be illegal and abandon it to please the United States. Even if President Huerta had consented to resign and accept a new election, he would certainly have been re-elected, and then President Wilson could not have declined to recognise him. But this would not have saved Mr. Wilson from the dilemma in which he has landed himself. If the refusal to recognise Huerta was due to outraged morality, it is hard to see how this is bettered by his re-election. If Huerta is distasteful because he owes his position to force, he is not really any the better because he has been put back by the nominal popular vote. President Wilson has landed himself in an impasse for which he alone is responsible. We do not for a moment believe that he is amenable to the sinister influences that would be only too ready to pull the wires in this matter, but he is rapidly blundering into a state of affairs from which he can hardly escape in the end save by sacrificing American prestige in Mexico or adopting the "forward" policy of the financial ring who desire to intervene in Mexico from the basest motives.

It is, of course, nonsense to talk of an "ultimatum" from the Mexican Government, but it is evident that, though Mr. Lind's negotiations proceed with the usual



forms of courtesy, Mr. Wilson is not going to receive any encouragement from Mexico, and he will have either to endorse the Huerta system or intervene. If he adopts the first course he will have drawn down upon himself an unnecessary humiliation; if the second, he will have put himself in the hands of the Jingo element in the United States, a really worse humiliation, for it would mean the abandonment of all the principles on which he won office and the adoption of a policy such as he denounced in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. Why President Wilson should have embarked upon a course of action so inimical to the best interests of Mexico and the United States alike it is hard to understand; probably it is due to a pedantic view of what "righteousness" demanded. The recognition of Huerta would really mean the recognition of a Diaz régime which has acquired its position by force. But then Madero ejected Porfirio Diaz by force, and it is impossible to establish or maintain any authority in Mexico at the present time by any means but force, and the President's theories cannot blind him to facts so remorselessly as to make him unaware of this. Had he accepted Huerta as President, the United States might well have hoped to exercise legitimate influence in Mexican affairs. But he cannot be unaware that the Mexicans regard their powerful neighbours with a not unmerited suspicion, and the attitude he has thought fit to assume has placed him on the "slippery slope" which leads to war. This would be the very last thing he could wish. It would unite all parties in Mexico against the foreigner, and the struggle would last for years, taxing to the utmost even the resources of the United States.

Such a deplorable result as this might in certain circumstances be necessary, though, even then, it could be only a desperate expedient, but undertaken for such causes as would bring it about now, it would be merely playing into the hands of the very financial interests that the President set out to destroy, truly an instructive instance of the irony of politics. A policy entered upon only on the highest ethical grounds is to make its creator merely a tool in the hands of the most corrupt and corrupting forces in American politics. It is sincerely to be hoped that the President will pause before he embarks upon such a course.

The most encouraging element in the situation is to be found in the fact that, while the negotiations proceed without either side receding an inch, the Federal troops continue their victorious career in Mexico itself. In a short time President Huerta may have established his authority so strongly that it will be hopeless to try to upset it, and a formula may be arrived at that will enable President Wilson to recede gracefully from a position he ought never to have taken up.

It is significant of the straits to which the United States Government has reduced itself by its blunders that Washington political circles are expressing the hope that "our British cousins will help Uncle Sam in his dilemma". This sudden outburst of affectionate feeling is touching enough whatever the cause may be. We are not likely to stand in the way of any reasonable settlement, and we hope our own representative and those of other friendly Powers may do their best to induce the United States to accept the accomplished fact. Foreigners of all nations will be the first to feel the disastrous results of hostilities between Mexico and the United States. The view taken by foreign residents is shown by the message in Thursday's papers that the British in Mexico are taking the lead in promoting a petition to the Powers of Europe imploring them to use their influence to bring about a unanimous recognition of the Huerta régime.

So if President Wilson resolves to pursue the course he has embarked upon to the bitter end, he will defy all the best foreign opinion and deliberately wreck for a long time all law and order in Mexico itself. He surely cannot be so hopelessly doctrinaire as to hold that Mexico has yet arrived at a stage of development when outsiders have a right to demand that all the formalities of constitutional government should be

observed there. Mexico is not yet ripe even for the very imperfect methods of ascertaining the popular will that prevail in Dr. Wilson's own land. A hand that will not hesitate to shoot is the only hand that can hold the reins in Mexico. If this was not clear before it has been made so by recent events, and every day seems to show that in Huerta the kind of President that was wanted has been found. Surely it requires something more than theoretical views as to popular election to plunge Mexico into anarchy again in order to satisfy them.

It is impossible to avoid seeing that President Wilson is, of course unconsciously, playing the game of those in the United States who want to control Mexican politics in order to fill their own pockets. Madero was their nominee, and he was overthrown and murdered by the Diaz party. This party is, it is true, represented by Huerta, but to represent the recognition of Huerta as a condonation of Madero's murder is pure nonsense. To expect a Mexican revolution, or any revolution, to be carried through without murder is as absurd as to expect a Presidential election in the United States to be accomplished without corruption. Unctuous rectitude is in this case only playing the game of financial villainy, and, oddly enough, the very villainy President Wilson pledged himself to unmask. If he wishes to plunge his own country into a war that would last for years, drive Mexico itself back into anarchy, and play the game of his own political enemies, then he will continue his present policy and try to break down the Huerta régime. On the other side is the alternative of accepting a trifling reverse in policy, and recognising facts. He will have to adopt one policy or the other. Neither may be pleasant, but there can be no doubt which is recommended by humanity and common sense.

#### NEW WINDOWS FOR OLD.

"WE see the governing body; but where is the governing mind?" So asked Dodgson concerning the Christ Church authorities, and so asks Mr. Arthur Benson in effect concerning the Warden and Fellows of Winchester. They, or their predecessors, made avowedly a most ghastly and terrible mistake forty years ago, when they turned out of their chapel a large quantity of Grinling Gibbons woodwork to make room for some poor "Gothic" stuff by Butterfield. We have often in former days examined the ejected work, all broken down by axes and hammers. It was carried off for £50—its price as firewood—by an intelligent Wiltshire soldier-squire—brother of the present Bishop of Worcester—and remained for years in a barn, having proved too big for his manor-house. Since then it has changed hands for fabulous sums. What the Winchester Governing Body now propose to do is to supersede a series of 1821 windows by copies of the fifteenth-century glass which was once in their beautiful chapel, and of which some pieces are extant. Mr. Benson protests. Mr. Olaf Caroe, on the other hand, who has been entrusted with the execution of the first light of the new series, talks about the "horrible creations of 1821", and says that these "atrocities" have caused offence to almost every Wykehamist whom he has met.

And no doubt before 1821 the ancient glazing caused offence to almost every Wykehamist, who probably pronounced it ill-drawn and barbarous, if not popish. Not to all, however, it may be. There is a great deal in an "almost", when you are dealing with popular taste in art. It must be granted that the case of the Winchester windows is not on all-fours with that of the panelling. Grinling Gibbons woodwork might be out of fashion at some period, but it could never be regarded as anything but noble craftsmanship. If the College authorities had consulted any connoisseur, or even any dealer, or any builder or joiner of that time, they would have been told that they were getting rid of good though perhaps unsaleable

work. That judgment is absolute. But it is different with the glass-painting of George IV.'s reign. It was the very end, in utterest decadence, of the old tradition. No one will question that a series of windows at Winchester by, let us say, to avoid delicate questions about living artists, the late Mr. Kempe—windows, for example, like the exquisite Gothic ones at Cambridge in Selwyn College chapel, or the fine Renaissance series at Pembroke, Oxford—would be far more beautiful, devotional and edifying than the 1821 windows. Still, these belong to the age of living art, even though it were at its last kick, and modern glass is only imitative. Nor had the art of ninety years ago entirely lost the decorative instinct. These worthies with scarlet beards and purple hair and brilliant garments somehow or other do not jar upon the artistic perception the moment one enters the building. Whereas the vast majority of Victorian windows, correctly designed and painted as they are on approved mediæval principles, give a general sense of displeasure to the sensitive eye before it has even scrutinised them. Put them side by side with the ancient glass which they copy, and the difference is at once apparent—something in the style of the drawing, and something in the painting of the colouring. All subordinate art should be primarily decoration, and we are still only at the beginning of the revival of the decorative sense. How is it, for example, that we tolerate modern military uniform, or the hideous bunting with which we make festival?

Besides, the 1821 windows are there. They represent the genuine spirit of their time. So, it may be retorted, is the glass of the "restoration" era there, and the shiny brass and photographic sculpture and eucaustic tiles and pitch-pine pews are there, representing the genuine spirit of the 'sixties and 'seventies. And, what is more, it was a religious spirit, an æsthetic spirit, a real movement of the human mind revolting from classicism and hankering wistfully after ages of faith and poetry. Yes, those dreadful church interiors were inspired by the teaching of prophets and great men, by learned works on architecture and Italy and the rest. The revivers of "Gothic" were visionaries and saints, the architects of the time were able and devout, the public was munificent and zealous. And yet it is true that the work of the twentieth century is to undo the work of the nineteenth. Mr. Benson professes himself conservative of everything which exists. If Mr. Caroe's glass is put in at Winchester, he will protest against its removal, when the wheel of taste takes another turn. Well, we would have one or two mid-Victorian churches preserved for museum purposes, but we confess we shudder at the prospect of the perpetuation of ten thousand of them. And yet we hold with Mr. Benson that the poor glass at Winchester is in lawful possession. We think, for one thing, that there are not more than two or three living artists who can paint glass pleasingly, and if Winchester College makes another mistake, it is irreparable. We feel also that somehow any artistic product of the world's creative era, even in its lowest decay, is better than any product of a self-conscious and merely imitative time. After all, the age of Waterloo had in many ways a charming æsthetic sense. It built Regent Street, it painted miniatures, it bound books, it dressed its women prettily. Every one is collecting its "articles of bigotry and virtue". We all prefer a chintz of the time splashed with cabbage roses to the most arty and crafty covering of to-day. No, the windows at Winchester are not, perhaps, so bad.

It may be said that every previous age has ruthlessly destroyed the work of its predecessor. See, for instance, how Wykeham perpendicularised the massive Norman of Winchester Cathedral. The Tudor and Stuart period filled Gothic edifices with delightful Renaissance furniture, or converted mediæval manor-houses into the haunts of ancient peace which we love to inhabit, or at least to view and sketch. Under Anne and the Georges crumbling, poetic piles made

way for severe and stately brick mansions, with their refined decoration and noble interiors. Why is our age alone to be forbidden to do likewise? For two reasons. First, we have, what our ancestors lacked, the historic, retrospective sense of reverence for the past. Secondly, our very self-consciousness enables us to take a comprehensive, comparative view of things; and, whatever people may have thought fifty years ago, we are now frankly aware that we can put nothing in the place of the older work which will be a quarter as good. Even now, when excellent architecture and craftsmanship are reviving, we feel that it is compilation, not creation, and that when most original it is at least natural and pleasing. Why should it take the whole College of Architects to reproduce expensively a thatched cottage, which was originally run up by the village carpenter and mud-man for ten or twenty pounds? Who has ever seen an artistic modern tombstone? But, down to 1840 or so, every local mason turned out pretty, unpretentious, and cheap headstones, of local material, by the hundred.

The ethics of restoration, in fact, involve two questions, which are commonly confused. The crime of the Victorians was not merely that they restored, but that they restored so badly. They used cheap materials into which they put vulgar workmanship, or they ruthlessly destroyed. We know better now, and have caught the trick, more or less, so that the question really now arises whether restoration in itself is justifiable. The anti-restorationists have had their way on the exquisite Laudian garden-front of S. John's, Oxford, and the result is most unhappy. The once lovely building looks like a beauty who has lost her complexion through small-pox. We believe it has been sprayed with some detestable chemical. But the principle, no doubt, is right, that the old should not be falsified. Will the antiquaries of the future regard the new Law Courts, or the Charing Cross Hotel, or S. Mary Abbots Church, with like reverential delicacy? We have lived to see the term Early-Victorian, once so contemptible, connote what is simple, quaint, wholesome, and good. Will any glamour ever gather round the expression Mid-Victorian? It seems incredible. Yet that was the artistic "floruit" of Ruskin and Morris and Burne-Jones, fortisque Gygæ fortisque Cleanthi. Imagine, by the by, the Blessed Damozel among the 1821 windows at Winchester?

#### THE CITY.

THE condition of markets is not quite so satisfactory as it was a week ago. Instead of showing further expansion business has diminished, and in the absence of demand stocks have become reactionary. The public is apparently away on holiday, having completed bargain purchases in the markets for the present, and is now spending money in a more enjoyable, though perhaps less remunerative manner. (Doubt is thrown on the latter conjecture by dealers who have finished their holidays and find business unprofitable.)

From the Stock Exchange point of view the Balkan situation has fluctuated day by day and has provided excuse for the lifting or lowering of prices. Similarly the relations between Mexico and the United States have varied every twenty-four hours according to newspaper reports. Consequently there would appear to have been opportunity for acute professionals to snatch quick profits on the swing of the pendulum. But as a matter of fact the amount of public interest in the market was too small to permit any rash commitments.

The Home Railway market has been depressed by a revival of labour unrest. The threats are not treated very seriously; but they sufficed to restrain public demand; to render good traffic returns impotent as a market influence; and they allowed the dealers in the market an opportunity of lowering quotations with



the view of buying back stock recently sold to the public at higher prices. The Home Railway department seldom has a fair run nowadays, partly because labour is an ever-present menace to the market and more particularly because the principal dealers become nervous if their books show a few points loss on the short side.

Canadian Pacific stood up fairly well in the early part of the week against reports of serious crop damage by cyclone. The stock recovered a comparatively small loss when the rumours were denied, but it has not responded freely to the latest news of highly satisfactory harvest indications. Grand Trunks are receiving very little attention at present. In Wall Street the "crop-killer" has been able to resume his occupation. A small bull account has been formed in the last few weeks which renders the market vulnerable to brief bear attacks. So long as the public remained aloof it was dangerous to attempt systematic short sales, but with a small public holding on to shares for a rise and liable to increasing nervousness at every dollar decline the professionals have sufficient latitude to play the old speculative game—with the aid of the "crop-killer". Wall Street appears to be quite disinterested in the Mexican situation, although it may be remembered that only a few weeks ago two of America's biggest banking houses—Morgans and Kuhn, Loeb—participated in a £6,000,000 loan to the Government, which President Wilson refuses to recognise.

Mexican Railway securities in which English capital is interested have naturally been depressed by a variety of rumours. The Vera Cruz Company, however, continues to make satisfactory earnings; on the other hand the Mexico North-Western position is such that further financing will soon become necessary. Private arrangements, it is said, are already being made to provide fresh money without appeal to the public or the bondholders. The recent advance in San Paulos may be attributed to the satisfactory position of the company and also to the expectation of an issue of new capital, for construction of a branch line, on terms which will provide a bonus to stockholders. Arauco shares have risen sharply on rumour, which seems to have good foundation, of an interim dividend. Great Southern of Spain shares are being talked higher, and Argentine Transandine issues are receiving attention in view of dividend prospects. The Foreign Railway Department has particular attractions because it was most unduly depressed during the recent slump.

Marconi shares have once more become a market feature owing to the confident tone of the annual report which gave rise to many rumours of prospective profits not only for the parent, but for the subsidiary companies, of which, by the way, some new flotations are expected. No doubt there is a big future for "wireless"; but, for the present, it would be well to bear in mind that a large portion of the parent company's profits are derived from share dealings which will not be repeated. It would be puerile to throw cold water on Mr. Marconi's successes or Mr. Godfrey Isaac's clever finance, but it would be equally childish to follow all the Marconi "tips" that are now running round the City.

The Rubber market has experienced some violent fluctuations during the week. There is still sufficient nervousness in the markets to give encouragement to bear tactics, but the opinion that higher prices will be seen in the autumn is confidently held in several well-informed quarters.

#### THE MOABITE'S HOLIDAY.

By FILSON YOUNG.

I SUPPOSE that in the minds of the English people there is no idea so closely associated with the month of August as the idea of change. The month divides the year into two halves; it is the end of the

half in which we look forward, the point in which outdoor life with us reaches its climax, and it is the beginning of that other and darker half, when we regretfully turn our backs upon sun and flowers and begin to go down into the valley of the year, with mists and fog and winter night at the end of it. In this respect the month does itself imply change, the most complete change, so far as our habits of life are concerned, of the whole year.

But when people talk of "going away for a change" they generally talk of something which does not really exist. If one takes a little trouble at this time of year to observe the holiday habits of people, or goes to any of the principal places which holiday-makers frequent, one cannot help seeing how genuine and deep-seated is the average man's fear of change. The ordinary middle-class summer holiday is a thing of routine, convention, and habit. It is true that the governing idea with the majority who live in inland towns is to go to the sea and procure a change of air, and this is almost the only change actually achieved. People who frequent watering-places on the coast have really very little to do with the sea. It is there as a kind of background to existence; but it is a property sea, a thing to be waded or swum into for a few yards, whose blank horizon is agreeably suitable to a point of view which has vacancy for its background. For the rest, what does the average man seek in his so-called change? He comes from a crowded town; he betakes himself to a place where there are crowds. The "season" of Little Puddleton is not considered a success unless its strip of beach or promenade is actually thronged with visitors. More than this, the average holiday-maker of this class, fearful of anything unfamiliar or new, likes to go to the same place every year, and to be able, in the crowd with which he mingles, to recognise many habitués like himself—in short, to meet the same people year after year. He likes the same food that he gets in London, he reads the same newspapers, his amusements are the same—picture-palaces, concerts, music-halls, variety entertainments. He eats a little more, drinks a little more, smokes a little more, sleeps a little more, and thinks, if possible, a little less; that is the extent of his change. If you pay a visit at this time to such places as Brighton or Southend, you will see all this exemplified in the persons of thousands of Londoners of two distinct classes. Brighton's name of "London-by-the-Sea" is explanatory of its popularity with the well-to-do Londoner; his whole atmosphere is imported there to a world which is as familiar to him as Piccadilly. To another class Southend means exactly the same thing. It is crowded, and it is familiar; and therefore they seek it when they go for a change.

The more one considers the habit of holiday-making the more does one realise how little use is made of real change as a restorative and recreating influence. People whose whole lives are a holiday—or might be if they knew how to take one—hardly ever get any real change. The same little world moves from London to Carlsbad, or Vichy, or Aix, or some other foreign watering-place, where its settled habits are provided for; and from there to Scotland, and from Scotland onwards to pay various visits. The same people are encountered in the same houses, living the same kind of life, surrounded by the same circumstances. Then people, servants, motor-cars, photographs, and table toys are all carted wholesale to the south of France; and from there return to the country, or to London, or move backwards and forwards between the two—always the same kind of food, the same servants, the same books and newspapers to read, the same people to talk to. All this may sound very material, and it may be said that these are but the mere clothing and externals of ourselves, and that it is no more absurd to carry them with us than it is to take with us the kind of clothing to which we are accustomed. But if you consider how large a part of any life such things must mean—and they

almost entirely fill and occupy some lives—you will see how desirable it is to import some little change and variety into them. When I see people with large yachts which are, except for a fortnight in the year, chiefly at anchor in the Solent; with motor-cars whose chief mileage is covered in carrying the chauffeur between a house in London and a house in the country; with freedom to do as they like, which seems to be employed almost entirely in doing things which they protest are a boredom, I think, perhaps quite wrongly, what wonderful uses I could make of such machinery. My yacht should not take me to Cowes or to Deauville, but to the Baltic or the Adriatic, to wander amid the isles of Greece, or the Sounds of Scandinavia; my motor-cars would carry me, not on any routine path of habit, but along the broad roads of Europe, not on any fixed plan, but as the fancy took me; and my freedom should be used in wandering, and seeing, and comprehending, and always consciously choosing. There are people who have both the means and the sense to live like this, but the world that is written about in newspapers sees or knows little of them.

The truth is that deep in the heart of ordinary men and women lies a great dislike, a positive fear of change. Change implies trouble to the mind and fatigue and possible discomfort to the body. Discomfort—is it not the bogey that is waiting for us all as middle-age approaches, which at heart we really fear far more than real dangers and real distresses? How many things do we cease to do or abstain from doing because they are uncomfortable? How many of the limited experiences we do achieve are only acceptable on the condition that they are made quite comfortable and easy for us? It is less trouble and more comfortable to sit in an armchair with a book than to take a walk through East End streets on a stormy night; no trouble at all is required to extract a certain amount of interest from the one; a great deal of trouble and fatigue is required to discover the larger interest that may lie in the other. Strange sights, strange food, strange wines, strange music, strange points of view are not really acceptable to the ordinary person in whom curiosity is dead. Not only are they unacceptable, but they have no chance of being acceptable; the fact that they are strange is enough to shut them away from his experience. And it is so with the whole of life, although, since the dimension of time is fixed for us, the only way in which we can expand our lives is by filling them with change and variety of experience.

It is in this way that so many people make failures of their lives, or, in the words of the Psalmist, "change their glory into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass". And the ordinary holiday-maker, in his total lack of enterprise in this matter, and in his apparent fear of change and its results, seems to be very much in the case of Moab, according to Jeremiah, that gloomy prophet: "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore his taste hath remained in him, and his scent is not changed".

#### MORE POPULAR MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

**S**UPERIOR person though I am, the music-halls are not too high above me. Years ago it was my habit to visit these great institutions and advise the managers to put on operettas with good light music. The music-hall managers scorned me; editors applied opprobrious terms to me; and, in a word or two, I was oppressed, discomfited, put to rout, and compelled to retire into the safe domain of the criticism of classical music. A change took place; the music-halls took up "sketches", and there were law-suits, prosecutions and things; then followed conferences, arrangements were arrived at, and in the end legal wiseacres decided that a sketch might be given without fear of a hundred

pounds fine. Now, this was all rather queer to me. I had gone to music-halls in bygone years (as just said), had seen ballets with songs, had looked on in some amazement at inane entertainments; and had come to the conclusion that never would anything really interesting or artistic be given on the music-hall stage. Then the change occurred: little plays were mounted and allowed to be performed. But I watched in vain for the operettas I had advocated. Ballets were given, playlets were given—but never an operetta. Abbreviated forms of musical comedy were "presented"; goodness only knows what has not been presented; but operetta not at all.

This prelude has a purpose. The musical directors of at least two big London music-halls are serious musicians. Mr. Herman Finck at the Palace Theatre and Mr. George Byng at the Alhambra are both conductors who, if they had their own way, would be performing Wagner's "Parsifal" and Richard Strauss' "Elektra". I do not mean there are not others as ambitious; but these two will serve as instances. We do not want either "Parsifal" or "Elektra" in a music-hall—in fact, I don't want either of them anywhere at all; but one might expect one conductor or the other one day or the other to insist upon either writing or getting hold of a little opera—one, say, of the type, adapted to meet twentieth-century requirements, of Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne". Mr. Byng does not do it; Mr. Finck does not do it. And when one comes to inquire Why? one finds out that the managers do not want it, and why they don't want it is because the public does not want it. And, to lead up to the crux of my argument—How can the managers of music-halls know what the public wants if they never give the public a chance to express an opinion?

Opera has proved a hopeless failure in London. Mr. Manners has tried it, and Mr. Thomas Beecham, and the Carl Rosa Company, and others. It has never, I understand, paid the cost of the gas. Of course, Covent Garden is a profit-yielding institution, and it is supposed that Sir Joseph Beecham has found Russian ballet almost as profitable as other things; but neither of these ventures has any real, vital connexion with opera. We want an opera that people go to as they go to the theatre—or the music-hall. I have repeated this until everyone who takes this Review must be weary; yet there is nothing else to be said—save that the people who could do it won't. Some day the public will tire of acrobats and the rest, and then Mr. Alfred Butt will wake up to the fact that he has not as yet been sufficiently awake. Again and again I have pointed out to millionaires and others that a fortune and immortal glory were awaiting the man with courage to buy a music-hall and give operatic performances: no one has done it so far. Why not? Because, I presume, they are too profitable. And why, after all, should a variety-hall manager ruin himself and his shareholders by fostering a form of art of which neither he nor they know anything?

While still thinking that something might be accomplished at the Alhambra or Palace Theatre—or elsewhere—I must admit that the show at the Palace is admirable. I went there last week to hear some of Mr. Finck's delightful ballet tunes. For this there is a fine precedent—that of old Sebastian Bach, who used to take his boys to a neighbouring town to hear "their pretty Italian songs". None of Mr. Finck's tunes was available that evening until the picture palace turned up—then I turned out, into the cold and dismal night. And I thought on my solitary way homeward of how a quite amusing farce, "I Should Worry", might have been made just as amusing and at the same time in its way a miniature work of art. Might have been made, I say, because it was not made anything like a work of art. Had the music been Mr. Finck's the thing would have been very different; and though from the purely music-hall point of view it was a success it was anything but a work of fine art. But the Palace has many recommendations. Only a week or two ago I mentioned how the music-halls might be



turned into exhilarating places of amusement of an afternoon for youngsters; and it gives me pleasure to be able to say that the Palace is one of those rare places where oldsters can have a little amusement of an evening. I wish it had been opera; but it was not, so I put up with the next best. A gentleman who climbed up a ladder was fascinating—I mean that at every step he seemed likely to fall off and break the necks of some of the gentlemen of the orchestra; Miss Grace la Rue sang daintily; some other people did things, and I wish them good luck. Miss Dainton in the sketch was best of all, or else some others were as good as she; I could not tell the difference, if there was a difference. There were others—as there always are; but excepting on broad grounds there is no reason why I should meddle with them.

These good people of the Palace might be working a world's wonder; I wonder what Sir Henry J. Wood might be working at the Queen's Hall! Certainly he is trying to work nothing. He never will. See Sir Henry Wood's programmes; see the Palace programmes. I have before me the whole of the programmes for last week and this present week—the glorious opening week, and—beyond a trifle or two by Mr. Percy Grainger—nothing whatever happened. Item after item has been given, amongst them such terrible, tedious things as Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster", "God Save the King", Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel", and a dozen other trifles; but do they count? Fantasias on Scotch melodies, whether by Sir Henry Wood or another, really don't count. Of course, it is a very good thing to produce at Queen's Hall Holbrooke's and Percy Grainger's and Balfour Gardiner's compositions; but why so few of them, and why so much Musco music? And even if the answer is that not so very much Musco music is performed, still, why so much German music, why are Englishmen left out in the cold? It is a sorry business altogether. We critics cannot criticise because we have so little to criticise. Our opinion on Strauss matters nothing, for Strauss has had his day in England; it matters nothing what we say about Elgar. We take the works of these men and look at them and write about them—but the writing is no good. Our own men, Elgar, Holbrooke, and Bantock, are not considered worth reading about. I, like the rest of the critics, am powerless to do anything, so I leave the insoluble conundrum to someone who can solve it.

#### A LONDON FORUM.

By W. R. LETHABY.

IT might be recommended to the ingenious authors of prophetic almanacs that they should insert in them some such entry as this: "Aug., Sept.—About this time trouble will arise regarding the placing of a public monument". This year it is the Scott Memorial which is the subject of dispute; and the pity is the greater as sharp public discussion breaks in ungracefully where grace should be the very essence of the intention and act.

Speaking in the House of Lords on 5 August, Lord Curzon called the attention of the First Commissioner of Public Works to the Report of the Mansion House Committee of the Captain Scott Fund, and said that "they had considered very carefully the question of a site and suggested one inside the railings of Hyde Park, and immediately opposite the house hitherto known as Lowther Lodge which was bought by the Royal Geographical Society. It would be possible to place the monument on the narrow strip of ground between the railings of the Park and the road". Lord Beauchamp, replying, said that "they found themselves barred by the jealous dislike shown on more than one occasion by the public to any additions being made to the memorials in the Park. For a city the size of London there were curiously few sites available for a purpose of this kind".

Some effort must be made to understand that not

only is the question of national monuments a constantly recurring one, but that their erection has always in the past formed an incident in organised city-life. Athens and Rome were crowded with such monuments, which were either co-ordinated into groups or, when special accent was desired, isolated in a pre-eminent position. Our custom has been to isolate without accent, to squeeze into a corner, or to jostle aside on some walk behind railings. Our plan has been to have no plan.

Now the provision of a proper setting for national monuments must make an item of the essential data in the replanning of London which is so necessary, and which, indeed, we might hope imminent if our citizens had not become so accustomed to wait with cynical hopelessness. The truth is that London has fallen behind in the race of cities. It has put off amendment until the needful alterations are two or three layers deep. The streets and ways which were unfit for buses and growlers are doubly unfit for trams and motors and triply unfit for trees and monuments.

The vast question of London will have to be dealt with in many ways, both as a whole and piecemeal. There has recently been much discussion as to lines for arterial roads, but the problem of organic centres has hardly been raised. There are in London perhaps twenty or thirty sites which we shall all agree must be maintained; we cannot imagine that in any scheme of improvement they will be erased. Such, for instance, are the parks, the Embankment, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, Parliament Square with the great buildings roundabout, Pall Mall, St. Paul's, the British Museum, Somerset House, and Waterloo Bridge. All these, and some others, are now imbedded in the very idea of London, they are its essential organs, and it would be unthinkable that any of them should be lost, were it not that we have so lately wantonly destroyed the magnificent frontage of Newgate which could easily have been worked into any thoughtful scheme of rebuilding, and in this very year have torn down the scholarly façade of the old General Post Office.

Any scheme of organic improvement should start by mapping all such areas and buildings, and proceed to the work of improving them in detail by freeing them from vulgarities and by making them more tidy and decent.

At least half of the most notable public spaces and places of London are grouped more or less together in the west central area about Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham and St. James' Palaces. Of these the master-key seems to be the combined group formed by Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, Westminster Abbey and Palace. This fine civic centre, this Forum of London as I shall venture to call it as serving to fix an idea, is in immediate relation with the parks, the Embankment, the new Mall entrance to Buckingham Palace, and several of our better streets like Pall Mall and the Quadrant.

Whitehall and its two terminal squares, Trafalgar Square and Parliament Square, have never been thought of as forming one unit of composition, but they do so in fact, and would do so still better with slight modifications of alignment. The seizing of this happy accident might even now give us the chance of muddling through one serious part of our problem, the creation of an adequate Imperial centre. As the organising centre of the Empire Parliament Square, Whitehall, and Trafalgar Square, considered as one group, are worthy for other than topographical reasons to become the Forum of the Imperial City.

Whitehall slopes gently southward from Trafalgar Square. On the north the vista is adequately terminated by the dignified front of the National Gallery, which is well supported by the fine St. Martin's Church. To the west is the new arch of entrance to the Mall and Buckingham Palace. On the central line, which forms a gentle curve and not a straight axis, but is hardly the worse for that, stand the Nelson Column and the equestrian bronze of Charles I. On the right

and left in Whitehall are several noble, and many respectable buildings, while at the south end is a green square having the Palace of Parliament on the left, and straight in front, closing the vista to the south, the supreme English monument, Westminster Abbey.

If only the thought could be accepted that this group forms in fact a ready-made centre *urbis et orbis*, little would need to be done at once except to insist on its being kept more scrupulously in order. A plan, however, should be made treating it and the immediate neighbourhood according to one general scheme of improvements to be gradually carried into effect. For instance, the north end of the great central avenue, Whitehall, is throttled in a very mean way by some old and poor buildings on the west side. None of these should be allowed to be rebuilt without their frontage being so corrected as adequately to open up Trafalgar Square. Whitehall thus slightly modified would become wide enough to take a central row of trees which would link the green of Parliament Square to the belt of green along the front of the National Gallery. The most modest expenditure would go far to amend the poverty and futility of Trafalgar Square itself into something at least tolerable. If it is indeed the "finest site in Europe", as we are too pleased to call it, it has been most terribly misused. The wretched fountains, without being destroyed, could be made delightful by the addition of gilt bronze groups; masses of bright flowers might be arranged at the angles of the basins, and a few trees might be permitted in the big area of our beloved asphalt. Following the precedent of the Nelson Column, Charles the First's Statue and the Gordon Memorial, the new Forum should, from the first, provide for the orderly disposition of statues and other memorials. Trafalgar Square alone might take a score without encumbering the space, four or eight might be set on tall pedestals round about the Nelson Column, eight or more might be associated with the fountain basins, and some fine composition might be arranged in connexion with the terrace wall in front of the National Gallery.

Surely it is not necessary for our keener enjoyment of foreign cities that London should be kept quite so dreary as it is. The time is long overdue when we should have begun to set our city in order.

#### LETTER FROM WILDER SPAIN.

##### BARROSA RE-VISITED.

By COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

TWO years ago on 5 March, the centenary of the battle, I visited the field of Barrosa and subsequently wrote an account of what I saw then in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Some readers may perhaps recall how on that occasion by an unexpected stroke of good fortune my visit took place only a few hours after the re-discovery of the famous "Vigia de la Barrosa" the "Watch Tower", or "Chapel", which gave the name to the battle by which it is still known in Spain, the exact site of which had been a matter for speculation for many years past. At the time my interests were mainly centred in studying the tactical features of the ground and in searching for traces of the fight, and we came across many human bones, fragments of shot and shell, as well as the metal buttons of several of the regiments engaged. Like most soldiers, I had often read of the "heights of Barrosa", and I was alike surprised and perplexed when on arriving at the famous battlefield I saw before me in place of the steeply scarped hill-sides one had always imagined a long low ridge about two miles in extent with the gentlest of slopes on either side, more especially at its landward end. At the seaward end alone were there any well-defined slopes and the steepest of these were five to six degrees giving gradients of about  $\frac{1}{15}$  to  $\frac{1}{10}$ , and that for short distances only. At the time I had no field-sketching appliances with me with which to measure the heights

or verify distances which my eye told me differed from those given on popular maps, but it required no instruments to tell any one versed in the art of military topography that the summit of the hill on which were the foundations of the ruined Vigia was nothing like three hundred feet above the sea as had been generally supposed hitherto and was probably only half that height.

It was now that my kind host, the present owner of the ground, had the heights carefully verified by theodolite and chain with the result that the hill was found to be less than 160 feet above the sea instead of 300! Subsequent observations extending to all the points which the French held and whence Graham ousted them proved that the levels on the maps hitherto accepted as correct by all military writers were equally at fault. Many months later I ascertained that these incorrect maps were all derived from one published in the Spanish historian Arteché's "History of the War of Independence" which had hitherto been viewed as giving correct topographical information of the battlefields in the Peninsula. On this map the highest point of the Barrosa Hill is represented by eight contours, each of forty Spanish *pies* (equivalent to about thirty-seven English feet) giving a total height of about 297 feet.

But not only is the height of Barrosa ridge thus incorrectly given in this map, but the whole terrain is contoured in such a manner as to be absolutely unrecognisable. Briefly, Arteché depicts the battlefield as an almost circular volcano some 300 feet high, rising from an extensive plain about forty feet above sea level, whereas the levels taken showed a long ridge whose highest point was about 160 feet and lowest about ninety, rising above a plain whose general level was about sixty feet. It was after repeated attempts to reconcile this map of Arteché's with the ground that it became clear to me that the only thing to do was to revisit the spot and make an entirely new contoured sketch of it. For the question of the accuracy, or the reverse, of Arteché's contouring was a matter of supreme importance to me as I was about to write an account of Barrosa for my "History of the Rifle Brigade".

These amazing discrepancies meant as regards the tactical features of the ground that Graham's right brigade instead of having to storm heights rising some 280 feet above the point whence it was launched had only to move up a gentle slope until it was close upon the French, whilst his left brigade had only twenty feet to ascend in an advance of over 600 yards, a gradient of 1 in 100! All experts in matters topographical know well that a military sketch cannot pretend to compete in accuracy with a regular survey, but for the purpose of delineating the tactical features of ground, such a sketch as I proposed to make, if done with care, is sufficiently accurate. Further, I had the great advantage of the line of levels run by theodolite to the principal parts of the battlefield, which, assuming they were correct, would greatly increase the accuracy of any field-sketch.

So it came about that one day last May I found myself once again on the field of Barrosa, and to add a touch of the personal element, I also found myself once again, after the lapse of many years, about to make a military sketch, and I called to mind how the last time I had done anything of the sort was after the battle of Graspán, a day of sad memory for me, for it was my last appearance on active service.

Of course the first thing to do was to satisfy myself as to the height of the ridge of Barrosa, independently of the height as ascertained by the Spanish surveyor. This he had made out to be 48.20 metres, or about 158 feet above sea level. Working on entirely independent lines I made the height to be 160 above low-water mark which was all-sufficient for my purposes. I subsequently made a contoured sketch of the ground and found all the levels taken by the surveyor worked in admirably and I have no doubt that where any difference may be found to exist the error is due to



my own rough-and-ready methods of sketching. All the same, it was no light job, for the undulating plain and low spurs are overgrown with stiff scrub and patches of gorse besides being at places intersected and broken by dry watercourses, making the art of pacing distances far from pleasurable. Having made the sketch, we proceeded to identify so far as was possible the various positions occupied by the French and British on the day of battle. This was not so difficult as might be imagined, since we had with us a copy of Graham's original map done by one of his staff a few days after the battle, in which the position of every British unit was marked with great precision. But I confess that it was with no little relief that I laid aside my sketching board and turned my thoughts to other subjects than artillery positions and infantry attacks.

For the field of Barrosa, more especially at the time of our visit in the midst of the glorious spring-time of Southern Spain, is a truly attractive spot for a lover of nature. The whole great plain is then a mass of flowering shrubs and heather in bloom and is so remote from the busy world as to cause one to forget everything else but the glory of being in so lovely a place in an Elysian climate. Save along the foreshore near the Tower of Barrosa, where there is a small colony of fisher-folk engaged in the tunny fishery, there is practically nothing to disturb the solitude. No roads, no traffic, no movement of any sort. At one point, where Victor made his determined stand against Dilkes' furious onslaught, there is now a small white cottage nestling among some fruit trees in a vineyard, and it is about here that many relics of the fight have been unearthed, for many fell at and around this spot. Except this one there are no buildings of any sort, only at rare distant intervals the brown reed-clad "chosa" of some poor goatherd may be detected hidden away in a fold of the ground. The wild moorland is just as it was a hundred years ago, except that the bulk of the fir trees have been cleared from off it, the fir trees which concealed Victor from Graham. East of the battlefield, where Victor made his last stand, extensive plantations of eucalyptus have been made during the last thirty years. But alike, seaward along the ridge, northward towards the Isla and southward toward Conil, the same open, undulating, scrub-covered ground presents itself, no fence or boundary restricting the view or marring the wildness of the prospect.

And what a peaceful prospect it was! No sound broke the silence save the hum of insect life and the occasional call of some wild bird. At intervals the curious single note of the Bee-eaters was heard and their gorgeous plumage seemed doubly gorgeous as they swept and turned swallow-like in the clear sunshine above. Across the undulating plain and up and down the long shallow valleys where the red sandy soil has been torn by winter floods, graceful Montagu's Harriers were patiently hunting for their prey. The silvery plumage and black-tipped wings of the males, with their marvellously buoyant flight, made them show very clear-cut in these wastes. The females in their quiet brown dress sit close on their nests, mere cup-like depressions lined with bents on the ground amid the low scrub. Not seldom do they betray their secret by a hurried departure on hearing the footfall of an approaching visitor. Time was when these beautiful birds nested in the New Forest and other suitable parts of England. Another regular resident in these wastes is the little Dartford Warbler, yet another of our rare English birds, whilst the soft call of the Crested Lark is heard everywhere. The blaze of colour of the wild flowers in May is a fine sight. The whole plain is dotted with white and crimson cistus in full bloom, whilst in the intervals between the patches of scrub the ground is covered with the delicate yellow rock-rose with brown madder centre or with dwarf white cistus. One mass of flowers seems to overwhelm the next by the intensity of their colour. Thus every blue and purple, however bright, is, as it were, killed by the blue of the anchusa,

which in its turn is completely eclipsed by the extraordinary brilliancy of the flax-leaved pimpernel which is found all along this coast in marvellous profusion. Big green lizards with blue spots on their sides, almost as bright as some of the blue flowers, dashed across the sandy gullies and sought refuge in the burrows of the Bee-eaters in the red banks of the watercourses, whilst smaller lizards scampered off on every side. No doubt the patient quartering of the ground by the Harriers is not altogether unconnected with the presence of these reptiles. Insect life swarmed, the drone and hum of beetles was heard on all sides, and most notable amongst the butterflies was a marbled-white, larger than the British "Galathea". So I was told by my companion, Mr. Harold Hodge, whose knowledge of butterflies made me painfully aware of my deficiency in that fascinating branch of natural history. Such was the setting to our picture. It seemed hard to realise that we were standing on ground which surely has earned for itself, as has Albuhera, the title of "a blood-drenched hill", for the losses of both British and French in this small fight were extraordinarily severe. When Victor withdrew his shattered left wing from the point where now stands the little white cottage amid the vines, he left his two Generals, Ruffin and Rousseau, mortally wounded and thirty-six officers and 840 men lying in their blood, the conquerors losing twenty-five officers and close on 590 men in their assault in the space of only a few acres. Small wonder that even to this day one stumbles across the remains of those that fell in such numbers. As on the occasion of my former visit, we came across bones of the fallen and the brass buttons of the French 24th Ligne showed exactly the site where they had stood. From another part of the field we got buttons of the French 8th Ligne, the battalion which Gough overthrew when he captured their Eagle. A rusty gun-barrel with the ram-rod jammed in it and with the flint-lock and trigger intact was also found near this point. The woodwork had long since perished, the muzzle had been smashed in, apparently by a shot. What became of the owner? Had he rammed home the cartridge when the ball struck his piece and did it also strike him? These and similar thoughts crowd into one's brain upon coming across such relics of the gallant fellows who fought so splendidly, alike under Marshal Victor and Sir Thomas Graham on that memorable day a hundred years ago.

#### A GREAT SPIRITUALIST.

By LEONARD INKSTER.

THE idea of Euclid being a man and a philosopher never occurred in the course of Nature. If ever there was a subject to be mugged up, if ever a thing had existed from the beginning of the world without human origin; rigid, cold, horrid; it was the class-book which blessedly had great parts missing. It was only when told that this fortune was owing to the good offices of his wife that one realised Euclid to have been a man and not a name like geography.

And then, later in life, perhaps thinking idly of the name, we suddenly saw the power of the man, a power emphasised by that very use of his name. The world talks of Platonism, of Euclidism never. In his case the work and the man are synonymous. His was perfect self-expression. Euclid expressed perfectly what he had to say, the result being a number of perfect short works intimately connected one with another.

But then, looking closer, we found varying degrees of interest in these works, perfect though, as we may say for the moment, they all were. The axioms, such as "The whole is greater than the part" were, looked at from one standpoint, not creations at all, and one could not see why the first man who said "Water is not land", "Day is not night" should not be entitled to equal respect with him. The condition of that mind in which these truths dawned for the first time in the world is so incredibly remote that we

cannot conceive any existence in which they were not being constantly and even consciously confirmed. They were, in fact, even to Euclid, axioms. But Euclid's skill lies in his having selected just the ones necessary to the evolution of his own art, though here he made one mistake, the exception to prove the rule of his perfection and give him one touch of human fallibility. And, going beyond the axioms, when we see how each of the propositions depends in order one upon the other, so that rather than thinking of them as separate works of art we see the whole a structure in which each stone is placed perfectly to bear the next above it, we have to get rid of the customary idea of a natural and obvious and eternal sequence and imagine what omissions had to be rectified, how often the artist had to go back and build anew, what wasted efforts must have been scrapped. It is, however, in the definitions that one sees most clearly the genius of the seer, the dreamer. A point is what has never existed and never will exist in the world of matter, yet to-day every man in the world accepts it axiomatically as a result of Euclid's dreaming. Many mystic philosophers, first dimly conceiving the appalling paradox of the point, might well have brooded over the elusive conception till madness held them. But Euclid, having visualised and calmly defined it in irrevocable language, "that which has position but no magnitude", proceeded to work in sureness with this absolutely abstract material. It is the same with the line, the surface, the circle. Accustomed as we are to the convention of pretending to draw a line and saying we have drawn a line—a convention the necessity of which was seen with inspiration by Euclid—we are now almost incapable of realising what a line, "that which has length without breadth", must have meant to him who first saw, or created, it. That a dweller in a three-dimensional world could have conceived the case of two dimensions, of one dimension, of no dimension—much more could have seen accurate visions in those dimensions—is simply clear proof that spirit can exist separate from matter. In this paradoxical, perplexing, dual world of matter and spirit, the only life that can exist free from matter is a work of art, that which has form without substance, and is yet indubitably an organic entity. Such a work is created by a man's spirit, but even when of the most spiritual kind, such as a prayer, a poem, or music, its materials are drawn however indirectly from the dual world of which it is a reflexion, in short from the natural world of men and women. Emotions and aspirations are the efforts of a dual nature towards spirituality; they are not spirituality itself. But the very stuff of Euclid's art, his materials of line and surface, the things he works with, are impalpable, spiritual. It is legitimate to say that Swedenborg's spirit invested visions palpably of the three-dimensional world with more spirituality than did Blake, and Blake with more than Shelley, who in turn was less human than Shakespeare. Always the reality of which Swedenborg's visions were the reflexion must have existed in a natural world, if they existed anywhere, but the reality of Euclid's visions could have existed not at all in any but a spiritual world. The visions cannot conceivably be true, because they can have no meaning, for a world part formed of matter. And the result of this total divorce from the material, of the spiritual working with spirit instead of as in ordinary art with matter however indirectly, is absolute expression, absolute perfection, no tittle of death, never a dead word, never a superfluous syllable. We speak of a poem being in the result a spiritual entity, but owing to its origin there is always some dead matter. In Euclid form and matter are one. Read any of his theorems (it is a slight exaggeration to claim this for every one) and delight in the æsthetic austerity till the final terse word "Proved". The thought is naked. It is perfect expression of the spirit.

And yet how universally, how unquestionably, these works (untrue if there is only the natural world) have been accepted as true by men! The fact that there are two other systems of geometry has no bearing on

this admission of truth, for Euclid's visions are not those of geometry, and when he is attacked it is only for the application of his master visions to the actual or hypothetical facts of the universe. In the spiritual world, the only world to which a straight line can belong, it will be true for ever to say that though produced to eternity parallel straight lines never will meet. And it was because Euclid was not concerned to mix the two worlds (till he came to his theories of solids, when, however interesting he still may be, he ceases to be the Euclid of our eulogy) that his spiritualisations were perfect and therefore readily accepted by men. To dress angels in white robes and see a sapphire sea is only refined anthropomorphism, and the result will never be universally accepted; Plato's vast conception of things (spiritualised but still things of the natural world) is speculative and wordy and unintelligible to a man who easily crosses the Pons Asinorum. Plato is, properly speaking, concerned with this world's morals, not with another world's nature. Like Euclid, the man who first conceived pure number, not the man who said "Two and two make four", for this is only a process of naming, but he who clearly saw that two or ten or nought can exist without an object for such names to qualify, this man was dealing with an "unnatural" world. All of which seems to be but one more proof of the possible separate existence of the spiritual side of man, this ready acceptance, this sense of kinship on the part of us who are so subtly compounded of matter and spirit with that which is completely divorced from matter, and unanswerable to its laws. And the use to which in the physical world these pure abstractions can be put establishes once again the old saw that the cobbler must stick to his last, if he wishes to help those who are not cobblers. Even as Matthew Arnold was right in holding that criticism would have most moral effect when it ceased to consider what moral effect it would have, and Shelley was right in holding that the function of art was not to go about consciously doing good, so Euclid was most valuable to astronomers because he did not compromise his spiritual visions with "natural" truths. For all these things hang together and help, so be they are true to themselves.

#### HEDGEROWS AND CLIMBING PLANTS.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, Canon of Winchester.

IT is difficult to exaggerate the beauty of our English hedgerows. They are a characteristic feature of much of the most charming scenery, of a calm and sober character, in our home counties. And it seems to be a feature of comparatively modern introduction.

Macaulay tells us in a striking passage descriptive of the appearance of the countryside in the middle of the seventeenth century that few hedgerows were to be seen. It is clear, he says, from the books and maps of the period that many highways which now pass through an endless succession of orchards and meadows and cornfields then ran through nothing but moorland and swamp and warren. In the drawings of English landscape made in that age hardly a hedgerow, he declares, is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich in cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain.

A comparison of the countryside in the South or West of England with that of the fenland around Cambridge or in the Isle of Ely will reveal at once how much we owe to our hedgerows. Or, to take another illustration, during the period of agricultural depression which marked the closing decades of the last century, a number of hedgerows in East Essex, around Bardfield and Finchingfield, were stubbed up as prejudicial to the growth of corn, and the appearance of the landscape was grievously impaired. In rural England it will be allowed that the existence of hedgerows is a great addition to the interest and charm of the countryside.

How much of that charm is due to climbing plants is hardly perhaps fully realised. A dense growth of hedgerow is always attractive, both in itself and because of



the number of birds which are attracted by its shelter and repose; but the interest is enhanced a hundredfold by the various species of wild flowers which trail and clamber over the brushwood. To see a hedgerow at its best the dog-roses and honeysuckle should be in bloom and the wild hop hanging in careless festoons over the tangled bushes; or perhaps later on in the season when the nuts are ripe and the berries are reddening and the white feathery plumes of the old-man's-beard lend grace and glory to the scene.

There are many species of climbers, and they belong to various orders of British plants. Some of the older botanists were wont to class them all together as "herbes that clamber up", which "have need to be propped up for they stand not of themselves"; but in truth the capacity for climbing is no indication of affinity. Various too are the contrivances whereby climbing plants manage to fulfil their destiny. Some like the hop and the honeysuckle climb by the simple method of twisting; some as the wild clematis are leaf-climbers; others like the white bryony and some of the vetches produce tendrils; while others again develop hooks and prickles like the brambles and the goose-grass, or are root-climbers as the ivy. It is curious too to notice how certain climbing plants differ in the habit of revolution. Some revolve in a course opposed to that of the sun or to the hands of a watch; others loyally follow the sun; and a few individuals like the feeble woody nightshade or bittersweet twine indifferently in either direction.

The wild hop invariably follows the course of the sun. So does the honeysuckle, which seems to be the only English climber which actually twines round the trunks of trees. Often, as Gerard remarks, "it windeth it self so straight and hard about that it leaveth his print upon those things so wrapped". Hence its name of woodbine, common in old authors, which well describes this habit. There is perhaps no hedgerow creeper which appealed so strongly to our forefathers. Did not Shakespeare declare in the "Midsummer Night's Dream":

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine?"

And in the "Compleat Angler", it will be remembered, our honest fisherman more than once takes refuge from the heat of the day "in the cool shade of a sweet honeysuckle hedge".

Of the true tendril-bearing plants we have several examples in the British Flora, the most conspicuous of which is *Bryonia dioica* or the white bryony. The tendrils are highly elastic, and enable the plant to retain its hold in the most stormy weather. Darwin tells us that on several occasions he went out on purpose during a gale to "watch a bryony growing in an exposed hedge, with its tendrils attached to the surrounding bushes; and as the thick and thin branches were tossed to and fro by the wind the tendrils, had they not been excessively elastic, would instantly have been torn off and the plant thrown prostrate. But as it was the bryony safely rode out the gale, and with a long range of cable ahead to serve as a spring as she surges to the storm". It is an elegant plant—the only representative among our wild species of the cucumber tribe—with its vine-like habit, and large pale leaves and greenish-white flowers, succeeded by clusters of crimson berries which are very conspicuous and ornamental in late summer. It is moreover an interesting species because of the part it played in mediæval superstition. It is still known as mandrake in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere, and was formerly largely used in herbalism. An old herbalist informs us "how idle drones, that have little or nothing to do but eat and drink, have bestowed some of their time in carving the roots of bryony, forming them to the shape of men and women, which falsifying practice hath confirmed the error amongst the simple and unlearned people, who have taken them upon their report to be the true mandrakes". The root of the bryony grows to a great size; and "the Queen's chiefe surgeon Mr. William Godorous, a very curious

and learned gentleman", once showed Gerard "a root thereof, that waied half an hundredweight and of the bignes of a child of a yeare old".

Of evergreen climbers we have only two examples among our native species, "the ivy never sear", which cannot be regarded as a hedgerow plant, and the wild madder. The madder is a hook-climber and clambers over rocks and bushes by means of recurved prickles on the stem and leaves. It is mostly found in the neighbourhood of the sea, and is common along the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight. I also remember seeing it growing abundantly in a similar situation between Lyme Regis and Pinny, on the coast of Devonshire. The goose-grass or cleavers, a near relative of the madder, very common along our hedgerows, also possesses hooked bristles. The brambles, as is well known, are armed with formidable prickles, and so are some of the wild roses, which enable them to climb over the highest hedgerows where they put forth in the June sunlight their exquisite flowers.

But of all our climbing plants which lend grace and beauty to the countryside the most conspicuous is the wild clematis or old-man's-beard, which when the roses are over deck with the hoary plumes of its seed-vessels the autumn hedgerows. Gerard, with happy inspiration, called the plant "the Traveller's Joy", because "of its decking and adorning wayes and hedges where people travel". After the clusters of white flowers come, as he says, "great tufts of flat seeds, each seed having a fine white plume like a feather fastened to it, which maketh in the winter a goodly shew, covering the hedges white all over with his feather-like tops". The traveller's-joy has a curious method of climbing. It is a leaf-climber, using its petioles or leaf-stalks as a means of attaching itself to the stems and branches of other plants. In winter the blades of the leaves drop off, leaving the clasping petioles attached to the branches, which then have the appearance of true tendrils. It is a local plant, entirely absent in some districts, and very abundant in others. Its distribution is entirely influenced by the soil, and might seem to an ordinary observer somewhat remarkable. A person might walk, as a distinguished botanist has observed, from Lechlade through the meadows to Oxford, or from Hungerford down the Kennet valley to Reading, or across the sandy heaths of Sandhurst and Bagshot, and remark that clematis was not to be found in Berkshire. Another traveller, journeying along the Faringdon Road, or from Wantage to Streatley, or from Henley to Marlow and Maidenhead, might say with equal truth, "What a conspicuous plant in the hedgerows is the old-man's-beard"! In the chalk districts of Hampshire it is very abundant; and the hedgerows never look more beautiful, except of course when the dog-roses are in bloom, than in late harvest-time, when the crimson hips and haws are ripening and the berries of the white and the black bryonies are hanging in scarlet clusters, and the whole brushwood is festooned with the white plumes of the traveller's-joy.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BEAUTIFUL LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlestone Ferry Hill  
18 August, 1913.

SIR—For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, I happen to live in the North of England, and my railway station, therefore, is King's Cross. Like the devil when he passed through Cold Bath Fields, the desecration of Russell Square might give one "a hint for improving the prisons of Hell." What I mean is this. Time was, and that not very long ago, when all these Squares in that neighbourhood were simple, suitable, English and beautiful—and now, great Scott, what has some great Philistine gone and done but put up round all the windows and doors a terra cotta beastliness that ruins the whole show! Nothing can be more vulgar, ugly, and mal-à-propos, and,

worst of all, I hear that so delighted is the author of this atrocity that it is proposed to repeat it in other places in the neighbourhood. The one we can't unfortunately destroy; but, by the grace of God and the assistance of your paper, we may forestall the future.

I welcome with delight the suggestion that Messrs. Tweed and Thomas should be consulted re the débâcle of London.

That Mr. Tweed is gifted is beyond doubt, but that he is "public-spirited" I can't believe, and I hope he is not, for to be public-spirited is to play to the gallery and—"Il y a à parier que toute illusion reçue, toute idée publique est une sottise, car il est convenue au plus grand nombre".

Yours faithfully

WILLIAM EDEN.

#### CONGESTED TRAFFIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 August 1913.

SIR—Are you quite fair to pedestrians in your article of last Saturday? You reproach the Committee of Inquiry with readiness to congest traffic for their sake. But surely, if a preference has to be shown in either direction, it should be in favour of the foot passengers. Because:

(1) Pedestrian traffic is surely as much "traffic" as carried traffic.

(2) The number of foot passengers exceeds considerably the number of carried passengers.

(3) They certainly bear an equal, probably a much greater, share of the cost of road maintenance than the carried passengers, while the motor vehicles contribute nothing at all.

(4) The inconvenience suffered by the carried passengers is a little loss of time, and possibly sometimes a little money. The loss of time entailed on foot passengers under existing arrangements is infinitely greater; and there is the increasing danger of loss of human life, with all its consequences.

Faithfully yours

W. L. DE G.

[Our correspondent misses our point, which was that the congestion of traffic is the real difficulty, not the want of its regulation. Remove this congestion and foot passengers will have little to complain of.—Ed. S. R.]

#### THE REFERENDUM AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

179 S. Stephen's House Westminster Bridge S.W.  
20 August 1913.

SIR—Your correspondent, "Reader S.R.", puts a most interesting and important question: "How can the sovereignty of the people be made to prevail by means of Parliament"? He accepts the view that there is a growing divergence between the will of Parliament and the will of the people, and comes to the conclusion that "the referendum would seem to be the most scientific means available" for safeguarding the sovereignty of the people.

But is this so? The referendum asks the electors to express their views on highly complicated legislative questions by saying yes or no. This is a most unsatisfactory way of eliciting the true views of the electors in respect of the measures submitted to them. The elector may disapprove for a variety of reasons, some relating to principle, others to details, but the referendum affords no means of enabling us to arrive at the meaning of these negative answers. At its best, the referendum is but a veto, and it tends to paralyse legislative action because the legislature is left in doubt as to what the people really desire.

If Parliament is to be brought into harmony with the will of the people the solution must be found, not in discarding the representative principle, but in improving

the means of giving expression through representatives to the wishes of the electorate. The new methods of election known as proportional representation give to electors a much wider and freer choice in the selection of members of Parliament; they at the same time ensure that the electors shall be represented in proportion to their strength. These improvements are consistent with the maintenance of the principle of representative government, and admit of a clearer and at the same time a positive expression of the people's views in regard to public questions. The constitutional problems now demanding attention in this country will not satisfactorily be solved unless these improved methods of election are embodied in the changes that may be made.

Yours faithfully

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS

Secretary

The Proportional Representation Society.

#### BUCKINGHAM PALACE FACADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Richmond Surrey, 19 August 1913.

SIR—In a recent reference in the "Sphere" to the sculptures on the façade of Buckingham Palace, now being demolished, it was suggested that, "if carved in a manner which will allow of it, they might be placed in some public garden or park".

There is an additional reason why they should be preserved in the fact (of which I have not seen any mention) that they were designed by no less a man than John Flaxman, who during the last year of his life completed drawings for them, but whom death prevented seeing the fruits of his labour in their architectural setting.

Yours etc.

A. G. ATKINSON.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND LORD NORTHBOURNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ipswich, 12 August 1913.

SIR—I have only just observed, with regret, a very unsympathetic reference in your issue of 2 August to Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Carnarvon, in which you comment adversely on the fact that he compared Lord Northbourne to an ox.

I venture to wonder why this should be considered offensive. The ox is a substantial, lovable, and valuable animal, and I believe that Lord Northbourne would be the last to repudiate these qualities. They are on the other hand qualities which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be applied to the goat, which is vicious, vindictive and wanton.

I am Sir etc.

WELSHMAN.

#### A MAN'S PRESCRIPTION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove Sussex.

SIR—If I were a woman I should decline to be drawn into any schemes of female suffrage which aim at either the equal representation of women with men in one combined House, whether the representatives of women are male or female, or the limited representation of women, under the same conditions. I argue that, since as a man I much dislike the idea of women making laws for men, and shaping the conditions under which my sex must live, so women, when they think over the matter coolly, must feel the same distaste for male government. That women have endured it for so many centuries is due to the fact that woman has had a separate sphere of existence in which the man



could not intrude. Modern conditions have disturbed the balance by depriving women of many of their occupations—weaving, spinning, knitting and the like—and thrown besides a large number of women into celibacy, for lack of means and opportunity for happy marriage.

To combine male and female representation in one house presupposes, not the equality of the sexes, because neither can claim equality with the other in its particular sphere, but the equality of their wants and aspirations, which is absurd. If universal suffrage is granted to both sexes, the struggle in the House will resolve itself into a struggle between the sexes in which women will probably get their way entirely, which will be very bad for the men; or if female representation is limited, into a series of bargains and coalitions rather worse and perhaps more shameless than anything in our history to date.

If I were a woman, I think I would address the public thus: "Since men are unable to keep us all in holy matrimony, or in honourable spinsterhood, with plenty of congenial occupation, we are bound to look after ourselves. We quite see the point, that if we compete with men in certain walks of life, every woman who gets a living is depriving a man of one. If all men who made a good living married, this objection would have great weight with our sex. But many men who ought to marry do not marry, and the main reason is that with less expenditure they can get all they desire out of certain members of our sex. So we have arrived at the conclusion that if unappropriated women are to get some of the good things of this life they must depend on themselves and not on men.

"We take no interest in lots of political matters which deeply interest men. Most of them are matters best left to men, to fight and struggle over in their own way. But there are thousands of things which interest women, which receive no attention from men at all, or so little attention that it is not worth while reckoning on it. If we women had a vote, and a Parliament of our own, to make laws for women and children, we should not mind. The men might make laws for themselves as much as they pleased. For instance, we would take care that no women and children were poisoned with bad milk. The men might drink it as much as they pleased, we would not. We should simply enact that a woman whose babies had been proved to be poisoned with bad milk might kill the seller of the milk with impunity if she liked. And we would set up women-directed dairies if the men would not be honest. After all we are right, because men brag enormously of their courage and patriotism; but what would they do if their mothers had not looked after them when they were little? Of what use are courage and patriotism to a consumptive or rickety child? And so on. Let the men talk; we will do the social work and see the race is kept fit, which is our special work."

Yours etc.

E. A. W. PHILLIPS.

#### A MESSAGE FROM AUSTRALIA.

THE OLD SOLDIER, THE ARMY RIFLE, THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT, AND THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Adelaide South Australia, 11 July 1913.

SIR—About eight years ago, as a captain of British infantry deeply interested in his profession, I decided to seek entrance into the Imperial Parliament as a military member. In pursuance of my object I joined incognito in a march of unemployed men from Leicester, after satisfying myself that a large proportion of their number were old soldiers but recently returned from active service in South Africa, whose claim for work I considered to be just. At the conclusion of the march I was interviewed by gentlemen of the Press who were indiscreet enough to publish some of my opinions given to them in confidence. The result was that I felt obliged to leave the service of his late Majesty, rather than endure the censure

which my military superiors sought to impose upon me for sympathising with old soldiers out of work. Lack of sufficient funds to continue my candidature for Parliament caused me to migrate to the East End of London for the purpose of studying social problems. Finally I became a clergyman, but still continued to maintain a lively interest in the well-being of my former comrades. At the time I left the army I was greatly concerned at the reduction of the Royal Garrison Regiment—since altogether abolished—a corps which, under stress of war, had been specially raised for the enlistment of old soldiers whose term of service had expired, but who were still physically well fitted to take their place in the fighting forces of the country. I was also concerned about the introduction of the short rifle for infantry, especially after studying the tactics of the Russo-Japanese war, where so many positions had been carried at the point of the bayonet. As a shooting weapon the new rifle was almost universally condemned by marksmen when first introduced, and its subsequent history has proved its inefficiency as a reliable small-arm. Its chief defect however, to my mind, lay in its shortness of reach with bayonet fixed. This inferiority in length was originally some thirteen inches compared with the rifle of the greatest military Power on the Continent, but was in the end altered so as to leave an actual disadvantage of some eight inches. All the world knows that the rifle is now in process of supersession, and its successor will have to be very carefully watched or else there will be further waste of public money followed by disaster. Does anyone happen to know the length of the new weapon with its bayonet? But, Sir, all-important as are the questions of the employment of old soldiers, their further utility in the defence of the country and the need of proper rifle equipment for British infantry, it is not to these subjects that I specially wish to call attention in this letter.

The burning of the Castle of Ballikindra, in Stirlingshire, following all the other outrages of the militant suffragettes in the South, itself followed by the destruction by fire of Sir Charles Lever's mansion near Norwich, seems to me to make it imperative that the whole public should be roused from their lethargy to look after the lives and property of their fellow-countrymen, as well as their own, with some better hope of success than the Government has up to the present been able to guarantee. Had it not been for the gallant conduct of a sergeant of my late regiment, the Connaught Rangers, there might have been serious loss of life in the Dublin Theatre Royal consequent on the setting on fire of that crowded building.

In the first place, is it not time that effective measures were taken to deport all known ringleaders either to S. Helena or some other suitable spot far removed from Great Britain? On the way thither let them hunger-strike if they like and die en route, being buried at sea far from the pomp of sentimental obsequies. This would probably damp their ardour to be looked upon as martyrs. In any case, as a means of defence against their wicked propaganda, let all owners of unoccupied mansions, club, or race-course premises employ old soldiers to guard their lives and properties. These men, trained to be on the alert, would look after anything entrusted to their care faithfully and well, and armed with suitable means of defence against attacks on their persons, plus a system of alarm-signals, bells on wire, and suchlike, it is my belief the property of the public could ultimately be made immune from assault. Unless things have changed very much for the better since I left England in the spring, I am pretty certain there are at the present moment a large number of ex-soldiers to whom work of this character would be a regular God-send. Students of universities might be well employed in serenading the best known of the leaders, subjecting them to a type of surveillance designed to bring them (the militants) into ridicule and contempt.

I would like to add that I have no personal grudge against these women except that as a clergyman I am indeed shocked at their behaviour, and I deplore the

apathy generally of the female portion of the population in not condemning their methods with no uncertain voice. These outrages cast discredit on the womenfolk of the entire nation, for it is my humble belief that if the action of the militant suffragists received the condemnation which it deserves, but has not received as yet from their sisters of law-abiding tendency, these wild creatures would soon be unable to make any headway.

There can be no talk of granting women the parliamentary suffrage so long as incitement, anarchy, and outrage remain uncondemned and unchecked in their entirety. The news has just come to Australia that the power of the militants is on the wane. With all respect to the Press I am seriously disposed to doubt this. Prevention in all cases is better than cure. Let us, once and for all, endeavour to put the fire out. Apologising for the length of this letter,

I am etc.

TRAVERS HARTLEY FALKINER.

18 July 1913.

SIR,—When writing last week against the militant suffrage movement proposing certain means of defence by which the property of the public as well as that of private individuals might be made secure against attack by incendiaries, I omitted to make a specific suggestion which I had in mind with regard to churches.

Some time ago in London, when visiting the parish church of Hackney, I observed that they there had what is known as a system of watchers. That is to say arrangements were in vogue whereby the church was attended to and cared for every hour during the day, if not also during the night, by members of the congregation agreeing to go on watch in rotation, relieving each other at the end of a certain time. I am not quite sure, but I think the watches were of one hour's duration each. By this means the church could always be allowed to remain open and at the same time in a state of adequate protection. A list of watchers was, I believe, kept at the vicarage. Could not some such method as this be resorted to throughout the country with a twofold object in view—in the first place the throwing open of churches to private devotion, and, in the second place, the making of them safe against Satan and his hell-fire satellites?

T. H. F.

#### THE NEW FOREST FLORA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ardencraig Nairn N.B., 2 August 1913.

SIR—Canon Vaughan, in his article called "The New Forest Flora" of 12 July, says, "It is unknown why *Pulmonaria officinalis* is commonly called 'Jerusalem sage' and 'Joseph and Mary'". Perhaps the tradition that it was the Virgin's tears falling on the leaves of this plant that caused them to become spotted may have something to do with it. It is also said that the flowers were once white, but were changed to blue and pink in memory of Mary's blue eyes, red with weeping.

Yours faithfully

DOROTHY THORBURN.

#### "TANGO."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Rue Casimir-Périer Paris

5 August 1913.

SIR—According to the "Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy" (13th edition) Tango is derived from *tangir*=tocar instrumentos, to play on an instrument. Mr. Filson Young, if he prefers his own more suggestive derivation from Tango, "I touch", will agree that it is much to be regretted that it is no longer a dance confined to "negros ó gente de pueblo en América", as the Spanish Academy defined it.

Yours faithfully

H. WARNER ALLEN.

#### THE INDEX TO "DIATESSARICA".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wellside, Well Walk, Hampstead,

17 August.

SIR—Reviewing in your columns Dr. Abbott's "Light on the Gospel from an Ancient Poet" ("Diatessarica", Part IX.), your reviewer writes as follows: "The index covers the nine volumes of Dr. Abbott's 'Diatessarica,' and we confess to getting lost in it. Why, for example, is there no reference there to the paragraphs about the Song of Songs in the present Part IX.?"

As I am largely responsible for the compiling of the index, will you kindly permit me to correct your reviewer's mistake? The index does not cover "the nine volumes of 'Diatessarica'"; it merely covers the ninth volume. Also in this index your reviewer will find, on page 595, frequent references to the paragraphs about the Song of Songs in the present volume. The explanation of the paragraph numbers in the index will be found on page 563 and is repeated at the beginning of each separate index.

I have only to-day seen the review, otherwise I would have asked you before now to be kind enough to insert this correction.

Yours faithfully

MARY ABBOTT.

#### THE BRONTË LETTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 August 1913.

SIR—I welcome your publication of Mrs. Jennett Humphreys' letter. While many of your readers may be unable to accept the suggestions it contains, yet the fact that the letters can be explained in more than one way reflects adversely on the wisdom of Mr. Spielmann in advising their publication in a way so unusual and sensational. These letters, we are told in the "Times" leading article, will be of interest to "every intelligent reader", and that is true. But what sort of gossip and speculation will their sensational discovery not give rise to among unintelligent readers? "Indeed", continues the "Times" writer, "to discuss them one needs a purity of thought and language equal to her own; and one can only understand them if one remembers always that it is a particular woman, Charlotte Brontë, writing to a particular man, Constantin Heger". Precisely! And for this very reason it is a pity that so many newspaper readers, to whom these names will hardly be known, should have been invited to discuss the contents of these letters over the breakfast table. All those who know the writings, and loved the memory, of this saintly woman must have had their tenderest feelings outraged at the thought of the deep pain Charlotte Brontë would have experienced had she been put to the necessity of explaining to the man in the street all that her reticent nature had so unwittingly left unexpressed in these letters—information that would certainly have been added had she imagined the unceremonious way in which the letters have been published to the world.

Yours faithfully

WILLIAM POEL.

#### MODERN JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 August 1913.

SIR—Mr. Robert Donald talks about the improvement which has taken place and is taking place in modern journalism, but how many papers can he indicate which put journalistic before commercial business?

Yours truly

NOT AN ADVERTISER.



## REVIEWS.

## GOETHE AND A SCHEME OF LIFE.

"Goethe." By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Munich: Bruckmann. 1912.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN knows Goethe as few men know him, though he is not a specialist in the sense that he has devoted his life to Goethe and Goethe alone. He has done the same for Wagner and for Kant, and how wide his other reading has been "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" proved. We may quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain's interpretation if we please, but let us unreservedly and with pleasure acknowledge that such labour as this establishes beyond dispute the author's right to speak; and that, even if we regard his book as no more than a concordance, it will go on to our shelves beside Goethe's works, and ought to have an honoured place there.

But it is much more than a concordance. Mr. Chamberlain tells us that he wrote it first of all for himself—presumably to clear up and co-ordinate what his profound study of Goethe had taught him, and he publishes it because it may prove useful to others who wish to find Goethe's answers to the same problems. The book is, therefore, an exhaustive study of the personality of a richly gifted master spirit, as revealed in his writings, and a sincere effort to show that the results harmonise with and confirm the author's theory of life. The scope, method, and object of the book is closely linked with Mr. Chamberlain's other writings and with his general purpose—to master the sec ets of truth and conduct, and to interpret the problems of existence and reality—by the light of a reverential study of the teaching, life, character, writings, and work, the achievements of humanity as realised and combined in a single individual. Goethe to Mr. Chamberlain, as to everyone who knows anything about him, is, of course, a great poet, a great artist, a great dramatist, a great critic; and he, as we, wants to know in what special qualities his greatness in these spheres of human achievement lies. The reader will find a very full answer to these questions in these eight hundred pages. But to Mr. Chamberlain Goethe is something much more. He is a personality—an individual brain and character—to whom, just because his various gifts and powers were so rich and so varied, life and the realisation and mastery of the secrets of life as a whole were far more important and far more instructive than any particular achievement, however remarkable, in poetry, art, science, or thought. And the object of his book is line upon line to reveal and appreciate what we can learn from Goethe's digested and sifted experience—interpreted as an organic unity, gradually revealed and consciously realised—about the fundamental problems and difficulties of humanity and human existence. It is impossible here either to do full justice to Mr. Chamberlain's patient but lucid research, still less to sum up and estimate the argument and exposition. The book is divided into six chapters, each one of which is a short treatise in itself; they deal with Goethe's biography, personality, practical accomplishment, scientific research, poetry, and philosophy of life (Goethe der Weise). And in the course of them Mr. Chamberlain not merely analyses or explains what he concludes are Goethe's views, but also endeavours to show that they are broadly true. He is throughout critical in the best sense of the term; but on every page he is stirring controversy and provoking the reader to disagree.

This is not a book to read unless one has first read and reflected seriously on Goethe's writings. It is not an introduction to Goethe; it is a stimulating commentary for those who already know the writer and would know more. Its value will be demonstrably diminished if the reader imagines either that he can dispense with a preliminary and adequate study of Goethe himself, or that he should begin that study with his head stuffed full of Mr. Chamberlain's interpretation. And, secondly, no reader can be blind to the

serious difficulty that Mr. Chamberlain's book leaves unsolved. His knowledge of Goethe is so profound, his analysis is so armed with specific quotation and proof from the amazingly wide field of Goethe's writings that we do not pause to reflect how much of what we have read is really Goethe and how much is Mr. Chamberlain piecing together with impressive ingenuity and penetrative patience a synthetic philosophy of life. What a field, by the way, Goethe's work does cover, from "Die Laune des Verliebten", "Götz von Berlichingen", and "Die Leiden des jungen Werther's", born on the beating wings of the romantic spirit through Iphigenia, Tasso, "Hermann und Dorothea", and the "Römische Elegien" to the Olympian serenity that gave us the Second Part of "Faust" and "Wahrheit und Dichtung", and all enriched by a correspondence which in itself is a museum of critical thought! The essential difficulty of interpreting the teaching of a great genius, as of understanding the work of a great statesman, whose span of life extends over a long time and great achievement, lies in the temptation to regard the sum of the series as an organic and causally connected whole, and to discover in the early and middle phases of the career under investigation the ideas, methods, and wisdom of its ripe maturity. Just as Prussian scholars living from 1850-1870 have seen in the great Elector, in Frederick the Great, in the downfall of Prussia in 1806 the proof and the realisation implicit in the scheme of things of an "historic mission" of Prussia to unify Germany, finally accomplished in the age of Bismarck, so our critics of Dante and Shakespeare have traced with faultless symmetry and an erudition that challenges admiration and hypnotises the sceptic the progressive evolution of Dante's and Shakespeare's interpretation of life. And we only remember with an effort that they could not have done it had they not started with a full knowledge of the "Paradiso" or "The Tempest". But how much of "The Tempest" was in Shakespeare's blood when he wrote "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" or of the "Paradiso" in Dante's when he wrote the "Convito"? This fallacy of the final cause, which is as subtle and as influential in literary criticism and historical construction as it is in philosophy proper, is particularly dangerous when we deal with a genius such as Goethe. We have no autobiography of Dante or of Shakespeare. They did not in old age review their life and work, and deliberately mark out for their disciples the milestones of their own spiritual and intellectual development; did not reinterpret in black and white, and in a literary masterpiece to boot, the hopes and fears, the ideals and impressions of youth; did not point out for all to see the path through the labyrinth of sixty years of feeling and accomplishment to the terminus which they had reached, a terminus apparently as inevitable as the series of experiences by which it had been attained. No reader of "Wahrheit und Dichtung" but is impressed with the conclusion that because Goethe, looking back across the years with the experience of a life behind him and an artist's unconscious passion for artistic symmetry and form, says he developed in this way, that must be the only way in which he could have developed, thought, and wrote as he did and became what he became.

The profounder the critic's knowledge the more symmetrical and self-contained his own philosophy of life—and Mr. Chamberlain has profound knowledge and has thought out a complete philosophy of life—the more certain is the danger that he will see in Goethe's work and career an organic whole each item and stage of which must and can be correctly interpreted only by showing its articulated and causal connexion with an organic and progressively realised design. Such an interpretation, however, not only implies a view of genius and personality and their function in the scheme of reality very difficult to establish, but is fatal to a truly critical method. A clear and vital distinction is essential between the unity in a man's work that is the result of viewing it as a totality—the sum of a series of separate items—and the unity conceived to be implicit

in it but demonstrably imposed on it as a consequence of the critic's theory how genius in the nature of things realises and can only realise itself.

Mr. Chamberlain has given us a very remarkable study, and even when the argument completely fails to convince, no earnest student of Goethe will be other than grateful, and perhaps most grateful when he most seriously disagrees.

#### M. OLLIVIER'S RETROSPECT.

**"The Franco-Prussian War and its Hidden Causes."**

By Emile Ollivier. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes, by G. B. Ives. London: Pitman. 1913. 8s. 6d. net.

NOW that M. Ollivier is gone from us, one feels the more glad that he did not put off till too late giving the world this retrospect of great matters in which he played a part. It was a good idea of Mr. Ives to pick out from these volumes a coherent narrative of the events which led up to the war between France and Germany in 1870. It is not very easy to understand why these events are grouped under the title of "hidden causes", for they have long ceased to be "hidden" in any proper sense of the term. But it is good to have in English M. Ollivier's able defence of his own part in the most disastrous adventure ever undertaken by French Ministers, and, so long as it is clearly understood that the statement is *ex parte*, it may be accepted. The translator has done his best to give the reader the opportunity of checking M. Ollivier's statements by reference to other authorities.

As in all such historical incidents it is very difficult to attribute his due share of responsibility to every actor in the drama. In a well-known passage of Busch there is a striking account of Bismarck in the evening of his days putting down to his own score the three great wars which led to the consolidation of modern Germany. But great men, like small, especially in depressing conditions, are subject to fits of morbid self-accusation which often have not so much foundation in fact as they imagine. That there was, however, considerable ground for Bismarck's statements no one doubts. But, even in the case of the war of 1870, he could not have brought the war about, had he not received considerable assistance from the other side of the Vosges, and if Bismarck is, in M. Ollivier's view, the villain of the piece, it is only too clear, as the narrative goes on, that the vanity and obstinacy of the French and their rulers alone made war possible. So far as Bismarck is concerned, it can no longer be denied that he actually brought about and pressed on the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain. This is admitted now even by Delbrück. Marshal Prim was bought to set this candidature going and to get the Cortes to accept it. King William disliked it and might have stopped it at the first by a word, but seems to have thought to do so would be unwarrantable interference with the free choice of the Spanish nation. So the plan drifted on till after one or two checks the offer was really made and accepted. The plot did not mature as Bismarck had originally intended, it became known too early and might have failed but for causes which M. Ollivier sets out on the whole fairly enough; but these were only secondary causes. France had received several rebuffs and felt sore. The wild Mexican expedition and an uneasy feeling that her prestige in Europe was imperilled by the rise of Prussia had irritated popular feeling. Bismarck put it down to "envy", not altogether unfairly. On the other hand, he felt that the war of 1866 had left Bavaria and South Germany generally unwilling to acquiesce in the hegemony of Prussia over a United Germany. Something was needed to draw North and South together into indissoluble union. This could only be obtained through a successful war in which both might be engaged against the foreigner. There was certainly no foreign Power but France which would bring on

such a war. Considering the prevailing sentiment in Paris Bismarck might be excused for regarding such a struggle as inevitable. He might therefore feel that his correct policy was to bring it on when it suited Prussia best. An argument on some such lines must be the excuse for his deliberate efforts to foment strife. The problem whether or no he was justified belongs rather to the domain of ethics than of politics.

But in spite of Bismarck's own attitude his manœuvres might easily have been foiled (and they nearly were) by the adoption of a sane attitude on the part of his opponents. King William had made up his mind that he would never be responsible for another war and himself gave no encouragement to the plot. A little patience on the part of France and she might have had the renunciation of the Hohenzollern candidature coupled with King William's approval as head of the family. The national pride of France had no doubt a right to ask for this, and this satisfaction it might have had. Dynastic influences, the pressure of the Opposition, and blunders of their own forced the hand both of the Emperor and his Ministry. Gramont and Benedetti both had their share in the catastrophe, for the ridiculous demand made on King William for "guarantees" against a revival of a Hohenzollern candidature meant a rebuff for France. Benedetti saw the folly of the proceeding and should have remonstrated. This would have given him time to receive the friendly message from the King at Ems and to transmit it to Paris along with his remonstrance. There would then have been no rebuff on 13 July to the French Ambassador and no opportunity for the dressing up of the famous "Ems telegram" which gave France the final push into the abyss of war.

Among minor causes which may have contributed to the catastrophe the translator cites the death of Lord Clarendon a few days before, whose influence with the French Court might have prevented war. It may be so, but M. Ollivier is surely wrong in citing the "strong German sympathies of Gladstone" (!) as preventing the British Cabinet from taking a strong stop-the-war line. Indeed he himself produces overwhelming evidence to show that our representatives were instructed to use every argument and put on all the pressure they could on both sides. Bismarck even resented our action. In spite of all his cleverness M. Ollivier only succeeds in showing that he has been grossly calumniated. He was not directly responsible for the war, and it may well be that the situation, owing to the perversity of others, became impossible to handle. But, if not a man of such force of will as to be able to withstand Bismarck and prevent war altogether, he should have retired from his position and declined to associate himself with a course of action he did not approve. It is however true that he suffered to a certain extent from an anomalous position. He was Prime Minister without the power which is attached to the office in this country. The Empire was only in the course of adjusting itself to constitutional conditions, and in this, as otherwise, France was caught unprepared.

#### THE MÆDÆVAL PARISH.

**"Churchwardens' Accounts."** By T. Charles Cox. London: Methuen. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

THE origin of the office of churchwarden is assigned by the author of this instructive volume (a volume which we cannot too warmly commend to all lovers of the past) to the first Canon of the Council of London, 1127. We are sorry to say that we have been unable to discover a "Council of London" of 1127, and among the Canons of the "Council of Westminster" which was held in that year we have failed to find a canon relating to the ancient and august order of churchwardens. In our opinion the office is of far more modern date. It came into existence as a result of the custom that imposed on parishioners the obligation of keeping the nave of the church in repair and of providing the ornaments



required for the Mass and other rites and services. According to Canon law these obligations ought properly to have been discharged by the parish priest out of his tithe. In Norman times however the tithe was largely diverted from the parish and applied for the benefit of cathedrals or conventual churches, with the result that the parish priest was unable properly to perform his canonical duty. It became therefore necessary to call upon parishioners to make up the deficiency, and when the fourteenth century dawned the need became greater than ever owing to the more elaborate ritual in public worship, and just as the king demanded a tax-voting parliament the vicar required a rate-voting vestry. Not that in this age of faith rates were requisitioned annually at an Easter vestry; the parishioners usually provided the needful by means of a church-ale or voluntary gifts or by the contributions of the parish guilds. Only when all other means had failed was there recourse to the rate. Seeing that the parishioners were obliged to pay for repairs and ornaments, they necessarily required responsible representatives to act for them, and it is probable that to this necessity we may ascribe the origin of the churchwarden.

Whatever may have been their origin, it is in the days of Cressy and Poitiers, of the Canterbury Pilgrims and the Wycliffite tracts, that the churchwardens first appear prominent on the ecclesiastical landscape. The oldest existing churchwardens' accounts—those of S. Michael's, Bath—date from the year 1349. And at this time and far into the fifteenth century there exists a grave doubt as to the correct name of the office. Probably the peasant spoke of the church reeves, while the Church lawyer styled the wardens *procuratores ecclesie*. In the Parliament Rolls of 1341 they are called the "wardens of the goods of the church". Other names under which they pass are "wardens of the goods and chattels of the church", "wardens of the goods, chattels and lights of the church". To Lyndwood, who summed up in his "Provinciale" the ecclesiastical law of the province of Canterbury, they are the "guardiani ecclesie". In the sixteenth century the name churchwarden is firmly established.

The most interesting feature in the Old English parish system as it is revealed to us in the churchwardens' accounts is its complete democracy. No one who struggled to reconstruct English history in the light of the earliest returns would dream for a moment that they were drawn up in the days of feudalism and serfdom. In the old council of the parishioners every adult male and female has a place and a vote. Both wardens are elected by the parishioners, and occasionally they are chosen from the female sex. Our author tells us that the first instance of lady churchwardens that he can discover is at S. Patrick's Church, Ingestre, where two women, Alice Cooke and Alice Pyppedon, were wardens in 1426-7. The next instance, which he does not mention, is for the following year, 1428, when Beatrice Braye is churchwarden of S. Petrock's, Exeter. The first titled lady to hold the office is "My Leddy Isabel Norton", who is churchwarden of Yatton, in Somersetshire, 1496-7. Lucy Sele is the sole churchwarden for Morebath Parish, Devonshire, in the critical year 1548, when the form of Prayer Book of Edward VI. supersedes the Sarum Rite and the Commissioners of the young Josiah make havoc and loot of the treasures with which the piety of many a century has enriched the Church. At S. Budeaux, Devonshire, it seems that during a good part of the seventeenth century a male and female warden are elected every year.

These parish democracies perform miracles in the way of church building and church decoration. All church repairs they do themselves. Neither foreign labour nor foreign material is imported, and the necessary funds are raised in the parish. And the strange fact is that they are almost always obtained by church-ales and free-will gifts. In 1425 the wardens of S. Michael, Bath, collect £17 7s. 10d. for a new Lady Chapel to which the church-ale gives 24s. Like-

wise in 1440-1 eighty-six subscribers raise the sum of £9 6s. 5½d. for the repair of the Church of S. Lawrence, Reading. But perhaps the most startling evidence of a parochial enthusiasm for church restoration comes to us from the far Western Country, as shown by the records of S. Petrock's Church, Bodmin, between the years 1469 and 1472. "Everyone", says our author, "seems to have given according to his means. Not a few who gave money, gave labour in addition, and some only labour. The well-to-do gave the reeds off their estates, others gave stone, lime, timber, and parcels of nails. Now and again the wardens received gifts in kind, such as a cow, sold for 7s. 6d., a lamb, 5d., and a goose, 2d." The women had a special collection on Easter Eve, at which the maidens in the Fore Street contributed 6s. Forty guilds here make a contribution, and among these guilds were the Guild of S. Petrock for skimmers and glovers, the Guilds of SS. Dunstan and Eloy for smiths, of S. Anian for shoemakers, of S. Martin for millers, and of S. John Baptist for drapers and tailors.

The subject of church repairs recalls the assistance that in every parish the wardens receive from the local brotherhoods and sisterhoods. A little Somersetshire village boasts six subscribing guilds, the young men or the younglins, the maidens, the webbers or weavers, the tuckers (fullers), the archers, represented by Robin Hood and Little John. In other parishes we hear of the guilds of the wives.

A volume would not suffice to tell how much the parish system of the olden days does to brighten the peasants' life. It is in the church assembly that they arrange and pay for the May Day and Whitsuntide revel, for the coats of Robin Hood and Little John, for the gown of Maid Marion, for the morrice dancers, the hobby-horses and the minstrels. It is as a Church office that the beating of the bounds commences when on the three Rogation days the parish goes in solemn perambulation over the fields behind the banners and the Litanies are sung for the prevention of pestilence and for a blessing on the fields and crops. The perambulation is in a way a procession of penitence. But it is becoming a blithe progress nevertheless, and there is a halting by the holy wells and light and frivolous persons have a way of walking behind the banners and remarking that the linen cloth for their make cost fifteenpence, that the dyeing of the cloth cost a penny and that the making of the banners cost sixpence. Alas! the Reformation makes an end of singers, banners and the halting by the holy wells, and allows only the worshipful of the parish to go on perambulation.

We wish that we could speak of the books of the old parish churches, of the missal, the gradual, the "Golden Legend" and the "books for the organs". But be this remembered. It is the people who have made the parish system, it is the State that will wantonly and cruelly wreck it in the dark Tudor days.

#### "THE MAJORITY HAVE PREVIOUSLY APPEARED."

"The Headquarter Recruit, and other Stories." By Richard Dehan. London: Heinemann. 1913. 6s.

THE majority of these stories"—there are twenty-three of them—"have previously appeared in the 'World' and similar well-known periodicals. Others are now published for the first time." This note, which salutes us, with a forewarning of the author's idea of grammar, on the page facing the first story, is only another way of saying that "Mr. Dehan", having hit the public full in the heart with "The Dop Doctor", and made rather a mull with "Between Two Thieves", has now stopgapped with a volume of his (or her—what are we to say?) short stories collected from well-known periodicals and larded with those which, presumably, the well-known periodicals would not accept. We do not blame them, but would be greatly interested to

know which of these stories have achieved publication before and which have not; because, for the life of us, we cannot see that there is a pin to choose between them.

The first story, "The Headquarter Recruit", is the story of Mary Ambree (or pretty Polly Oliver, and other heroines of the Dibdin period of English Popular Song), retold in a style which is a hash of decayed Kiplingese and the pure fount of John Strange Winter. The second story is again Kipling-and-water: the Kipling of "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Baa, baa, Black Sheep". There follows a tale of true hearts made fonder by absence—she stays at home and he goes out to India—they correspond regularly, and when he dies his friend takes up the task, and when she dies her sister continues the correspondence, until the new pair meet. There follows the story of an aviator who won the prize he had himself presented; and the story of the lady who runs down in a motor-car the man whom she was hurrying to meet; and the story of the Boer son of an ex-beauty of a London season, how he was chased by an ex-lover of his mother's into his own home during the war and escaped by imitating an arm-chair. (This story must really be read to be disbelieved; it is so absurd that one almost feels that "Mr. Dehan" is seeing how much we can stand.) There follows a story of—but why proceed? There are only forty stories in the world, and twenty-three of them are here, as elsewhere. Let us consider whether "Mr. Dehan" contributes anything original in his method of telling them.

The last story in the volume, "The Tribute of Offa", is the most interesting in several respects. To a number of bidders, casually collected at a London auction-room in expectation of the sale of certain recently-disinterred coins, a consumptive mechanic explains that he is the workman who has helped to forge them. There is an American purchaser present, of whose conversation this is a specimen: "Marm", said the American with a smile, 'your sympathy is grateful, but the saline globules of its native Chesapeake Bay do not roll off the spry and frolicsome canvas-back quicker than disparaging remarks are accustomed to roll off me'—and so on. And in another story we read: "There in the perfumed darkness of the Pacific night, under the purple-black canopy of heaven where the lamps of the great stars swing, he lifted his arms above his head in a desperate access of hungry, yearning, baffled human passion, and called upon the name of the woman he loved—for she seemed strangely near and agonisingly unattainable; and the scent of her hair, and the velvet warmth of her cheek, and the thrilling touch of her hand, and the silken rustle of her gown, were present with him on this night more vividly than they had ever been, so that he sobbed with dry eyes, and cried aloud in torture". In short, if anybody likes this kind of thing, this book is just the kind of thing he will like. The stories "have previously appeared"—and in one form or another are bound to appear again.

#### "WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

"Cubism." By A. Gleizes and J. Metzinger. London: Unwin. 1913. 5s. net.

THE concluding paragraph of this book, which we confess remains wonderfully obscure however hard we try to plumb it, at least is intelligible if not original. "A realist [the ideal Cubist] he will fashion the real in the image of his mind, for there is only one truth and that is our own when we impose it on others." In other words, orthodoxy is cubistodox. We understand this primitive line of reasoning which is naïve and natural; the rest of the book smacks rather of those curious "inspired" publications that from time to time proclaim the special attractions of queer religious sects; vague fulminations and dishevelled statements of a dizzy creed. Careful reading of the text reduced us to that uneasy

state of doubt in which one wonders if some cerebral bolt has slipped, some nut come off, so that one's brain ceases to function. We read groups of words but fail to understand them as though we had lost some faculty. "From a reciprocity of concessions arise those mixed images which we hasten to confront with artistic creations in order to compute what they contain of the objective; that is of the purely conventional." These words, as individuals, we seem to know, but collectively, in their context or out of it, they seem a fortuitous arrangement of nouns, verbs and prepositions.

On a larger scale the arrangement of thought and idea throughout the book seems to us as irrelevant and loose. Shreds of ideas and wisps of argument lie tangled everywhere; the loose ends that project may be anything, beginnings that lead to what might be called ganglionic confusion, or severed threads. We shut the book with one distinct impression; its authors are incapable of stating practically what Cubism means. What it apparently does not mean can be learned by inference. It does not mean intelligibility nor exactly "systematic obscurity"; it disapproves of "synchronic and primary images", of "fantastic occultism", the "customary symbols" that represent form as seen by the human eye and "cabalistic signs". The customary symbols, it appears, may be used "tactfully" as "magical discords, shreds of the great collective lie, at a single point of the plane of the higher reality which [the painter] appropriates to his art". Cubism is frankly amused to think that novices "pay for their too literal comprehension of the Cubist's theory and his faith in the absolute truth by juxtaposing the six faces of a cube or the two ears of a model seen in profile". But on the other hand Cubism finds it legitimate "to move round an object to seize several successive appearances, which, fused in a single image, reconstitute it in time". We do not feel expert enough to elucidate the subtle difference between "synchronic images" and the feat that seizes several successive appearances, fuses them in a single image and reconstitutes the original object in time. But to your genuine Cubist one is orthodoxy, t'other heterodoxy and ridiculous.

As for what Cubism is, all we can learn is that it condemns all systems; provides an indefinite liberty, regards objective knowledge as chimerical, natural form as a convention and taste the only law. We cannot take ourselves so seriously as to suppose that our special brand of truth is the only possible kind, or regard the Cubists as so elect that their truth and taste are the only genuine articles. We will gladly say that every word of this book is sincere and to its authors possibly fraught with highest truth. But we would no more accept their view of æsthetic values than we would regard the trivial visions and beliefs of over-emotional and feebly-balanced religieuses as conclusive evidence of the highest spiritual truths. After all, these things have to be tested by their actual calibre or, as one might say, cash-value. Judged simply on their merits as conceptions, as revelations and stimuli; weighed with calm reason as to whether they intensify our perception and set free our imagination so that we gain insight to the reality and significance that lie within external facts and appearances, these Cubisms (twenty-five are illustrated) are pitifully trivial. If these were all that art is, art would not be the irresistible attraction and unattainable ideal that it has ever been to man.

#### CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

"Socialism from the Christian Standpoint." By Father Bernard Vaughan S.J. London: Macmillan. 1913. 6s. 6d.

AS a warning to those Christians (if there be any) who view Socialism as a complete theory of life and imagine that they can remain Christian with two religions this book may be of some value. As a weapon



in the hands of atheist Socialists who want to abolish religion it will also be useful, especially if it be translated into German and published cheaply on the Continent. It will also revive the hopes of that small and insignificant body, the "Socialist Party of Great Britain". But we do not think it will do much to convince the "Church Socialists" or to warn the Christian Social Union. Father Vaughan professes to be dealing not with the Socialism of the campaign book or of the political platform, but of that which is being "assiduously spread among the docile working classes by books and newspapers". This he finds to be a philosophy and even a religion contrary to Christianity. He certainly gives us very good reasons for thinking that it is so. But for practical purposes, and especially as an answer to the Christians who call themselves Socialists and whom he so vigorously condemns, would it not have been better to deal with Socialist proposals as we have them to-day advocated on platforms? Obviously, we should have thought, no Christian would approve of a Socialism which involves the rejection of distinctively Christian principles, and we cannot say that our author has at all proved that there is no Socialism which does not. The fact that Marx and Bebel and many others have declared that Christianity must go does not prove that they are right, any more than the fact that many Protestants have declared that there is no Christianity in Romanism proves that there is not. All that the modern "Church Socialist" asks of his fellow-Christians is to be allowed to advocate certain economic changes and remain a Christian. Father Vaughan allows that Christianity is not committed to any particular form of government such as a monarchy or to any particular way of holding property. More than this, he glories (and rightly so) in the fact that the Church has kept outside parties all through history and has allowed great freedom to her members. The question the Church Socialist would naturally ask is why at this stage in social evolution he alone should be denied this freedom. This is a question which does not touch the soundness or unsoundness of Socialist economics. Supposing a member of the B.S.P. or the I.L.P. were to come to Father Vaughan and ask to be admitted to the Roman Catholic Church, we gather from this book that he would have to leave his society before his wish could be granted. This does not seem to us compatible with any idea of religious liberty. Nor do we think it likely that such a policy would be calculated either to wean the man from his Socialism or, if pursued widely, tend to the solution of the social problem on Christian lines, which Father Vaughan evidently desires. If Christians are to combat Socialism they must be prepared to deal with it as they would with any other economic proposal. It is quite true that this proposal has often been made and furthered by men who do adopt an un-Christian view of life, but that view is by no means confined to Socialists. Materialism underlies the proposals of many politicians and statesmen who are much opposed to Socialism. We do not allude to their private beliefs, but to the philosophy which dictates their policy. It is the business of Christians to fight this philosophy, but there is no religious reason why they should not agree with the economic proposals themselves, if for reasons of their own they believe them to be sound ones. This is the position of the Church Socialist. He honestly believes the present system, which he calls "Capitalism", to be unjust and to breed certain unjust and un-Christian results. Father Vaughan hates "sweating" and wants it abolished. The Church Socialist believes it cannot be abolished without a drastic change in the method of industry, and that its final abolition can only come by some form of collective ownership in place of our present system. Of course he may be quite wrong, but it is difficult to see why he parts company with his religion by advocating it. Father Vaughan, of course, has his answer: "According to the Catholic view the intervention of the State in the play of social activities is never justified by mere utility, but by moral necessity only". A Catholic may advocate State control of industries which are sweated, but he must not plead for the nationalisa-

tion of mines. The Pope, apparently, alone knows that chain-making is a sweated industry, while mining can never be. This book may do good if it succeeds in persuading the clergy to keep to their task of pointing out where any particular economic proposal or practice is touched by religion and making a more careful study of such matters, so that when they give advice they may be listened to. It was Tom Hughes who said that he thought the modern "Christian Socialist" publications were not religious enough. No doubt there is often a tendency on the part of keen Christian social reformers to square their religion with their economics rather than their economics with their religion. But this tendency will not be checked by refusing free thought on these matters or practically excommunicating all Socialists in advance. In days when the Church of Rome by her rigid dogmatism is making it extremely hard for modern men and women to remain within her pale it seems a pity for her to add sociology and politics to the subjects upon which they are not to be allowed to think for themselves. The attitude of the Pan-Anglican Conference of a few years back seems to us far more healthy. There every opportunity was given for all opinions to be heard, and no suggestion was made that Socialism, even of the extremest type, was to be ruled out as impossible in a Christian assembly. Father Vaughan's views, as expressed in this book, seem to explain a great part of the atheistic character of Socialism on the Continent. If the door of the Church is permanently barred against Socialists, it is not surprising that they do not go out of their way to get in. In this country they know that they are welcome, and the result is that, whatever our opinions may be as to the rights or wrongs of Socialism, we must allow that the morally dangerous doctrines sometimes associated with Socialism (though not, as Father Vaughan holds, essential to it) are much less assiduously taught in this country, and scarcely listened to by any appreciable number of persons.

#### "ROSALIND IN ARDEN" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"Rosalind in Arden." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Dent. 1913. 6s.

IT is always a pleasure to read a book by Mr. Marriott Watson. He is one of the most intellectual of our younger novelists and he has a proper appreciation of style. One turns to his gently persuasive pages secure in the happy knowledge that the most fastidious sense will not be outraged either by clumsy composition or confused thought. And that is saying a great deal in these days of slipshod writing. "Rosalind in Arden" is of the nature of light romance. Its charm depends not upon its plot, for that is very slender, but on its manner of treatment. It is not to be recommended for those who like their fiction hot and fiery with a succession of thrills and exciting situations. Mr. Marriott Watson does not cater for such. His appeal is to the leisurely reader who likes to have his palate delicately tickled by sound fare daintily served. It would not be right to claim for Mr. Marriott Watson a place among great novelists. He is not an inspired writer. He does not show genius. His books are always somewhat machine-made and smack of the midnight oil. But he is head and shoulders above the average novelist, and on account of his quiet methods deserves our gratitude in these days of shrieks and catcalls.

"Rosalind in Arden" is the story of a young Englishman who is claimant to an earldom, an American millionaire, of the traditional pattern, who has rented the claimant's place and wants to buy it, and his niece Rosalind. The scene of the comedy is laid in Arden, an English village of the feudal type. The anxiety of the American millionaire to secure this beautiful English home leads him to all kinds of villainous machinations against the claimant. He bribes the inquiry agents who are seeking for evidence

to prove the young man's title and generally does his utmost to ruin him. The claimant himself is a delightful gay romantic figure who enters with zest into the spirit of the contest, and finally comes out triumphant owing to his love for Rosalind, his enemy's niece. There are some very pretty love scenes in the book enacted among idyllic surroundings. Mr. Marriott Watson should, however, be on his guard against such descriptions as "The moon was gibbous and shone white on the garden walks. The air was of unimaginable softness". And is it not a little "cheap" to write "He had a most refined accent and he played golf"?

**"The Harrovians."** By Arnold Lunn. London: Methuen. 1913. 6s.

This is a tale of school life written mainly for the benefit of those who have left their schooldays behind them, and in its construction Mr. Lunn has made use of a diary which he kept when at Harrow. The story is, in consequence, full of local colour and it deals some shrewd knocks at the enthusiasts for our accepted educational system. Peter, the youthful hero, is represented as one who gained the affection of few masters and scarcely any boys, for the simple reason that he refused to conform to the fashions traditional in his society, but we are given to understand that he had something in him which one day was bound to raise him above the company of his fellows. The story of his persecution is a great deal more convincing than the account of his final triumph, for, though this was doubtless to come, we do not believe that it could have formed a part of his Harrow experience. Boys who submit to discipline neither in form nor field are scarcely likely to gain the giddy height implied by the headship of their house, but the author was clearly determined to show us the apotheosis of Peter, and it all had to be done within the limits of a public school life or the plan of the tale would have been spoiled. In the last chapter, indeed, we get a glimpse of later life, and Mr. Lunn's comparison between the rigorous formalism which he has represented as characteristic of Harrow and the encouragement given to originality at such a college as Balliol is, perhaps, the cleverest touch in the book. On the other hand it is, of course, quite open to his opponents to suggest that different treatments are needed for different periods of adolescence.

**"His American Wife."** By George H. Jessop. London: Long. 1913. 6s.

Sir Hugh Davenant married Nellie Brownlow, the daughter of an American railway magnate, and went into politics. She said, "Won't you take me to the Fairshire House Ball?" and he replied, "My dear, the Prime Minister has just telephoned for me". The consequence was that she was jealous. This, apart from a silly secondary plot concerning a former flame of Sir Hugh's, is really all the scaffolding there is in the book, and round it Mr. Jessop has built quite a nice lot of well-arranged sentences, and a few "funny stories". To his eternal credit he has broken away from sentimental tradition; the solution of the misunderstanding between the young couple is effected without recourse to the familiar scene in which she flings her arms round his neck, whispers, and blushes, and without any sweetly modest reference to the immediate need for furnishing that large empty room upstairs with bars across the window. No: Sir Hugh resigns his political post!

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"With the Fleet."** By Filson Young. London: Grant Richards. 1913. 1s. net.

Whilst a visitor on board one of H.M. battleships Mr. Filson Young found his opportunity to study first-hand the inner life of that wonderful box of tricks, a modern war vessel, and it seems he made the most of it. Perched on the monkey-platform, he watched the fleet manœuvring; he

explored engine-rooms, stokeholds, and store-rooms; made the round of turrets, and examined the mechanism of 12-inch guns. A laudable desire to miss nothing led him on a night excursion to view snoring bluejackets, and tempted him to accept the risk of gunroom hospitality and yell with the snotties at a gunroom corroboree. Wherever he went he kept his weather-eye lifting on the human element in the surroundings, and these half-dozen short studies shrouded in an awesome envelope are the outcome of his observations. Mr. Filson Young has felt the spell of the sea, and allowed its spirit to guide his pen. His ready humour and quick sympathy are sure to secure him many new friends, both ashore and afloat.

**"Modern Business Practice."** Edited by F. W. Raffety. London: The Gresham Publishing Co. 8 vols. 60s. net.

Mr. Raffety, with the assistance of well-known business men and specialists in various sections, has got together a comprehensive work of reference for the office, the exchange, and the market. Commerce and the laws affecting it, international trade and domestic business, contracts, insurance, money and banking, shipping, accountancy, etc., all are dealt with in a way which should enable the man with ideas to develop business, and the man faced with ordinary problems to solve them without delay. A Dictionary of Commercial Terms and Phrases and the Index add materially to the value of the book. The volumes are well illustrated, and to the young man starting in business they ought to be as attractive as they will certainly be useful.

**"Oil Fuel."** By Professor V. B. Lewes. London: Collins' Clear Type Press. 1913. 1s. net.

This small book appears opportunely. Oil as fuel has attracted attention ever since the advent of the motor-car; but its possibilities have been brought more particularly to public notice by the Admiralty's adoption of oil for Dreadnought purposes as a supplement to, if not as an actual substitute for, coal. Professor Lewes reviews the whole subject in a manner which will enable the average man to form his own conclusions as to supply and the efficacy of oil for combustion as well as other purposes. He scouts the idea that there is any possibility of oil ever displacing coal entirely. The world's oil resources are not inexhaustible, in his opinion. The demand for petrol in the last five years has doubled, and is increasing still in the same ratio; but the available sources of supply have not increased to anything like the same extent. He puts fifty years as the probable average life of an oilfield worked under competitive conditions. "The world's stores of petroleum, coal, and shale oil", he says, "are all being rapidly depleted, and in the not very distant future it will be to alcohol that we shall have to turn, and it will then be found that alcohol denatured with 10 per cent. of benzol and tinged by a trace of aniline dye will give a motor spirit at once safer, more pleasant in use, and sweeter in exhaust than the petrol of to-day."

**"Revue des Deux Mondes."** 15me Août.

There is a pathetic interest in the article contributed by the late M. Ollivier to this number in that it brings the reader up to the eve of Sedan and the fall of the "Empire Libéral". We can only hope that the distinguished author has left his history in a complete condition. It would be deplorable if his death should have occurred while he was actually engaged in writing the last pages. It is interesting to learn from this instalment that observers in Paris foresaw the hopeless collapse of Macmahon; the Austrian military attaché communicated to his own Government so striking a picture of the inevitable fate of the French Army that Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, sent it on to the Tuileries to be read to the Empress: "à cette lecture la malheureuse femme se voila la face de ses mains en s'écriant 'Ah! ne le dites à personne!'" M. René Pinon contributes an excellent article on the reorganisation of Turkey in Asia; he thinks that the only chance for this is a programme of reform made applicable to all, but adaptable to the needs of each province. But surely the Turk is unteachable. Recent events show it; he is too conceited to learn.

For this Week's Books see page 246.

**PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
(LIMITED),  
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

**INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £85,000,000.**  
**CLAIMS PAID - - - - £100,000,000.**



# THE WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE

ESTD. A.D. 1717  
RECONSTITUTED 1906.

Head Office: 27 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

City Office: 82 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

MODERATE RATES. PERFECT SECURITY.

## A PROFITABLE ASSURANCE.

SPECIAL COMBINATION securing, in return for a Limited Number of Premiums, a Fixed Sum at Death, whenever it may happen, and a

**Large Guaranteed Bonus during Lifetime,** together with valuable options and additional benefits.

**EXAMPLE.**—Age 25. • Sum Assured £500.

Annual Premium (payable for 20 years only) - £23 16 8

### GUARANTEED RESULTS:

(a) In case of death during the term,  
**PROFIT** varying from £182 to £484.

(b) In case of survival,  
**ULTIMATE PROFIT** of £273, in addition to 20 years accumulated Bonuses.

**GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD.**

CHIEF OFFICE: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

Assets Exceed £10,500,000.

## COUNTY FIRE OFFICE, LIMITED

50, REGENT ST., W.

AND

4, LOMBARD ST., E.C.

LONDON.

Fire,  
Consequential Loss Following  
Fire,  
Personal Accident & Disease,  
Workmen's Compensation,  
Domestic Servants,  
Third Party & Drivers' Risks,  
Motor Car and Lift,  
Burglary and Theft,  
Plate Glass,  
Fidelity Guarantee.

INSURANCES EFFECTED ON THE MOST FAVOURABLE TERMS. THE BUSINESS OF THIS OFFICE IS CONFINED TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

FULL PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.  
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

JOSEPH A. ROONEY, *Secretary.*

## GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.]

ESTABLISHED 1837.

[Annuities.

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.  
Lord ARTHUR CECIL, Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.

H. E. DUKE, Esq., K.C., M.P.

Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.

Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S., D.Sc.

Rt. Hon. Viscount VALENTIA, C.B., M.V.O., M.P.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and of Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, *Manager and Secretary.*

INSURANCE OF BUILDINGS AND CONTENTS. — TO OWNERS OF PROPERTY, TRUSTEES AND SOLICITORS.

MANY BUSINESS PREMISES, TOWN RESIDENCES, COUNTRY MANSIONS, FARM BUILDINGS, &c., ARE DANGEROUSLY UNDER-INSURED. THE PRESENT INCREASED COST OF BUILDING IS OVERLOOKED AND THE NECESSARY REVISION OF POLICIES NEGLECTED.

**KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY**

prepare reports for the protection of Owners in all parts of the kingdom.

Offices: 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Under Contract with H.M. Government.  
**P & O Mail & Passenger Services.**  
EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c.  
Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to  
ALL EASTERN PORTS.

## P & O Pleasure Cruises.

SEA TRIPS by Mail Steamers, 8,000 to 13,000 tons,  
Every FRIDAY from TILBURY

to  
GIBRALTAR and MARSEILLES.

Return Fares—	First.	Second.
GIBRALTAR .....	£13 10 0	£9 0 0
MARSEILLES .....	£15 0 0	£10 10 0

For further information apply as below.

P & O Offices { Northumberland Avenue, W.C., } London.  
122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

## UNION-CASTLE LINE.

**SOUTH & EAST AFRICA**  
ROYAL MAIL ROUTE

From London and Southampton.

**WEEKLY for SOUTH AFRICA**

via Madeira and Canaries

**MONTHLY for EAST AFRICA**

via the Suez Canal.

For further information apply to the Head Office, 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street, London. West End Agency: THOS. COOK & SON, 125 Pall Mall, S.W.

## CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE

**RED**

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**

**DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.**

In making, use less quantity, it being much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

THE SESSION 1913-14 in the FACULTIES OF ARTS (including the SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE), SCIENCE, MEDICAL SCIENCES, and ENGINEERING will begin on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th; the FACULTY OF LAWS on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7th. The Provost and Deans will attend on Tuesday, September 30th, and Wednesday, October 1st, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., for the admission of Students. Intending Students are invited to communicate with the Provost as soon as possible. THE SLADE SCHOOL OF FINE ART will open on MONDAY OCTOBER 6th and Students may be admitted on or before that date.

### ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

A Goldsmid Entrance Scholarship to the Faculty of Engineering (value £90) will be competed for by an Examination beginning September 23rd, 1913.

The following Prospectuses are now ready, and may be had on application to the Secretary:—

Faculty of Arts.  
Faculty of Laws.  
Faculty of Medical Sciences.  
Faculty of Science.  
Faculty of Engineering.  
Indian School.  
Slade School of Fine Art.  
School of Architecture.  
Department of Economics.  
Department of Public Health.  
Postgraduate Courses and Arrangements for Research.

Postgraduate and Research Work is provided for in all Departments.

WALTER W. SETON, M.A., Secretary,  
University College, London (Gower Street).

### NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

**H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S**

NEW NOVEL

**ROSALIND  
IN ARDEN**

IS TO BE RECKONED AMONG THE FINEST NOVELS OF THE YEAR. AROUND A SIMPLE BUT QUITE ENTRANCING PLOT THE AUTHOR HAS SPREAD AN ATMOSPHERE OF ROMANTIC YOUTH.

"IT HAS INDEED A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME," SAYS THE *ATHENÆUM*. "ROSALIND IS A DELIGHTFUL CREATION!" A SCORE OF OTHER PAPERS ARE UNANIMOUS IN THEIR APPRECIATION. CERTAINLY IT IS A NOVEL NO ONE SHOULD MISS READING.

PRICE 6/-

J. M. Dent &amp; Sons, Ltd., 24 Aldine House, Bedford St.

**Three Standard Books on Bridge.****"SATURDAY" BRIDGE.**

By W. DALTON, 5s. net.

(Postage 3d.)

That "'Saturday' Bridge" is the acknowledged authority on Bridge is proved by it now being in its 12th Thousand.

**"SATURDAY" AUCTION BRIDGE.**

By HELLESPONT, 3s. 6d. net.

(Postage 3d.)

That Auction Bridge appeals more strongly to certain temperaments than Ordinary Bridge is unquestioned. The subtleties of the game are here set forth in the simplest way.

**INFERENCES AT BRIDGE.**

By W. DALTON, 1s. net.

(Postage 1½d.)

There are many players who, while familiar with the general principles of the game, never draw even the most simple inference from what they see. To them this book should be of great assistance.

*Of all Booksellers, or direct from Office.*

**THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING  
COMPANY, LIMITED.**

10 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

**THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.****FICTION.**

The Man in the Car (Alan Raleigh); Love's Sentinel (Florence Warden). Long. 6s. each.  
The Judgment House (Gilbert Parker). Methuen. 6s.  
O Pioneers (W. S. Cather). Heinemann. 6s.  
Love's Victory (Gertrude Hollis). Holden and Hardingham. 6s.  
To the Third and Fourth Generations (Lady Napier of Magdala). Murray. 6s.  
The Valiants of Virginia (H. E. Rives). Mills and Boon. 6s.  
General John Regan (George A. Birmingham); The Mischief Maker (E. Phillips Oppenheim). 6s. each. Hodder and Stoughton.  
Valentine (Grant Richards). Grant Richards. 6s.

**HISTORY.**

Winchester: Its History, Buildings, and People. Winchester: Wells.

**REFERENCE BOOKS.**

Royal Colonial Institute Year-book, 1913. 2s. 6d.  
Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Part III. 1907-1911. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library.

**REPRINTS.**

Choses Vues (Victor Hugo); La Tulipe Noire (Alexandre Dumas). Nelson. 1s. each.

**THEOLOGY.**

The Mighty Works of Jesus: Their Reality and Truth (Lancelot Smith). Skeffingtons. 2s. net.

**TRAVEL.**

The Heart of China (Oliver Bainbridge). "African Times." 2s. 6d. net.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Calendar of State Papers: Spanish (M. A. S. Hume). "Hereford Times." 15s. net.  
Case against Railway Nationalisation, The (Edwin A. Pratt); Oil Fuel (V. B. Lewes). Collins. 1s. net each.  
Engineering as a Profession (A. P. M. Fleming and R. W. Bailey). Long. 2s. 6d. net.  
How France is Governed (Raymond Poincaré). Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.  
Indian Slavery in Colonial Times within the Present Limits of the United States (Almon Wheeler Lauber), 12s.; A Political History of the State of New York (Homer Adolph Stebbins), 6s.; The Early Persecutions of the Christians (Leon Hardy Canfield), 16s.; King.  
Modern Business Practice, Vol. VIII. Gresham Publishing Co.  
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.—The Patrician, 6d. net; A History of British Mammals, 2s. 6d. net; The American Historical Review; The North American Review, 1s. net; Mercure de France, 1fr. 50c.; The Open Court, 10 cents; Revue des Deux Mondes, 2fr. 75c.; International Theosophical Chronicle, 6d. net.

**Messrs. SOTHERAN'S WEST-END HOUSE**

IS NOW IN ENLARGED PREMISES AT

**43 PICCADILLY, W.**

(OPPOSITE PRINCE'S HALL)

**BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, AND AUTOGRAPHS**

on View; Valued for Insurance or Probate; Bought for Cash.

Telephone: Mayfair 3661.

Telegraphic Address: Bookmen London.

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS WHO MAY BE DESIROUS OF SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

**KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S**

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,  
are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom are held as required. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties.

**R. ANDERSON & CO.,**

**BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT  
CONTRACTORS.**

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

**READY NOW.**

Price 1/- net; 1/1½ post free.

**"COON-CAN."**

By W. DALTON,

Author of "'Saturday' Bridge."

**THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.,**  
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.



NOW READY.

6/- net; Post Free, 6/4.

# Pastimes in Times Past

By O. PAUL MONCKTON.

*The Times* says:—"The author does not claim to be putting forward much matter which may not be found elsewhere by those who know where to look; what he has set himself to do is to arrange his material in a convenient and readable form; and in this he has been completely successful. There are twelve essays; and as the subjects dealt with range from grinning through a horse-collar to golf and chess, the reader who does not pick up something fresh about his particular hobby will be either erudite or unlucky. The chapter on cricket is worthy of that great subject and abounds in curious lore. We have only one serious quarrel with the author, and that is that 'the Lady of the Lambs' will no longer suggest to us Mrs. Meynell's lovely poem. There is an older claimant to the title; . . . a fat lamb was provided, and the maidens of the town, having their thumbs tied behind their backs, were permitted to run after it, and she who with her mouth took hold of the lamb was declared the Lady of the Lamb."

*The Scotsman* says:—"Those who play games, whether in the open air as golfers and cricketers, or indoors as champions at billiards or at bridge, generally do so without caring at all to consider how the games that charm them came into existence, or came to take the forms in which they now appear. Yet Mr. Monckton's interesting book of essays shows how no kind of historical study has more curious surprises than that which investigates the history of games. These readable and instructive papers . . . The origin of bridge is, after all this writer's laborious and well-directed researches, still involved in obscurity. He makes out a good case, however, for the startling proposition that chess and card-playing were originally one and the same game. Nor does he, like some uncritical and ill-informed writers, find it necessary to play out of bounds from Scotland in tracing the origin of golf. His book, at once erudite and entertaining, will prove acceptable reading to sportsmen of the more cultivated sort."

Gareth writes in *The Referee*:—"A book I have lately been reading, called 'Pastimes in Times Past,' by Mr. O. Paul Monckton, contains much which will be found of interest to Refereaders, and several pieces of information which are, at any rate, new to me, though others may very likely be better informed. What is the meaning of football? I confess I always imagined that the game was so called because it was played with the feet. Anyone who watched a game of Association football without having consulted the authorities would have little doubt—which is a polite way of saying that he would have none—about the manner in

which the game obtained its title. The author of the book I am talking about, however, tells us that 'it is a grievous mistake to suppose that the word football meant, originally, a ball that was kicked with the feet.' He emphasises this point, going on to remark that 'if one thing in football history is more certain than another, it is that football was not so called because the ball was kicked with the feet.' When the game was first played it is stated that no person was allowed to kick the ball, and football acquired its name because it was played by individuals on foot, as opposed to those on horseback. If this could only be proved it would be something to bet about for those sharp people—not a very engaging class—who are fond of discovering catches. . . . What about golf? . . . I fancy the origin of Colonel Bogie will be new to nearly everybody. Mr. Monckton has dug up the record of a golfer named Bogie, who in the year 1608 was summoned before the Courts with others 'for playing of the Gowff on the Links of Leith everrie Sabbath, the tyme of the sermounes, notwithstanding of admonition past befor.' He was heavily fined with his companions. . . . There are lots of other interesting things in Mr. Monckton's book."

*The Yorkshire Weekly Post* concludes a long review thus:—"To enumerate all the good qualities of Mr. Monckton's work, and to submit further specimens of his erudition in all the field of games lore would occupy far more space than we have at our disposal. We must ask our readers, therefore, to accept our assurance that in 'Pastimes in Times Past' they have an authority of weight in everything appertaining to the history of the pastimes mentioned, and have access to a fount of knowledge, social and literary."

*The Outlook* says:—"Not a great number of the votaries of various games and sports know much about their history or origin, and Mr. Monckton's book should therefore receive a general welcome. He has brought together in compact form all that is worth knowing about our most popular pastimes, and writes with a freedom which renders his book very entertaining reading. . . . None but the most captious can fail to enjoy the book, but we regret that the author did not consider it worth an index."

*The Manchester Guardian* says:—"A very entertaining series of essays."

*The Standard* says:—"A distinctly welcome addition to sporting literature."

## CONTENTS:

- I. THE HISTORY OF "BRIDGE"
- II. THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CHESS
- III. LITTLE-KNOWN SPORTS AND PASTIMES
- IV. "KUTING"
- V. THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF FOOTBALL
- VI. THE HISTORY OF BOWLS AND SKITTLES

- VII. CRICKET OR STOOL-BALL
- VIII. GOLF
- IX. THE IDENTITY OF CHESS AND PLAYING CARDS
- X. PAME OR LAWN TENNIS
- XI. THE HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS
- XII. BILLIARDS AND CROQUET

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS:

THE BIRITCH PAMPHLET—"BERSERK" CHESSMAN—"COCK THROWING"—"BOWLS IN THE OLDEN DAYS"—"CREAG": CRICKET IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—GOLF IN THE LOW COUNTRIES—A TYPE OF SKITTLES—THE EIGHT OF "MEN."

Order through your bookseller or direct from the publishers—

**The WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., 10 King St., Covent Garden, W.C.**

If you would understand the true bearing of the Home Rule Bill on the fortunes of Ireland and the Empire read

## THE CASE AGAINST HOME RULE.

By L. S. AMERY, M.P.

*Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.*

What the *Northern Whig* of Belfast says of "The Case Against Home Rule":—

"Mr. Amery enters a strong plea that at a time when Ireland is enjoying the benefit of remedial legislation nothing should be done to throw the country back into the turmoil of political and religious strife. A vigorous controversialist, but one who has the historian's balance and breadth, Mr. Amery drives home his case with convincing force and logic. There are few aspects of the Irish question on which he does not throw new light, and his lucid presentation of the difficulties and dangers of any scheme that means the overthrow of the Union is well worthy of careful study. Mr. Amery has in the past done yeoman service on behalf of the Irish Loyalists, and the publication of this pamphlet deepens their obligation to him. The volume is a substantial one, but is published at 3d. in order that it may reach the masses."

Of all Booksellers 3d. net; or post free from the Office, 4½d.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
LTD.  
10a King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

### Shall the Welsh Church be Established ?

THE BEST ANSWER TO THE RADICAL CASE FOR THE  
SPOILIATION OF THE CHURCH IN WALES IS PROVIDED BY

## WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT

BY

THE HON. W. G. A. ORMSBY-GORE, M.P.

(Denbigh Boroughs).

WITH A PREFACE BY

LORD ROBERT CECIL, K.C., M.P.

Of all Booksellers, 6d. net;

Post free, 7½d., direct from the Office.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.  
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

248

1s. net. 1s. 1d. post free.

## POOR LAW REFORM

A PRACTICAL PROGRAMME

EXPLAINED BY

JOHN W. HILLS, M.P.

AND

MAURICE WOODS

With an Introduction by THE RIGHT HON.

F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

*The Times* says:—"A miracle of condensation."

*The Standard* in a leading article says:—"The importance of this little volume of some sixty pages must not be measured by its modest dimensions. . . . It will serve to bring to a focus a question of increasing gravity upon which it is most desirable that there should be a practical agreement among members of the Unionist party."

*The Observer* says:—"There are no votes to be reaped by a searching study of the Poor Law; it is an arduous and unromantic pursuit, of which the only reward for those who engage in it is a deeper and truer capacity for statesmanship when the time comes for turning their erudition to practical account. But it is upon the leaven of this patient research and thought that the Party's future depends far more than upon the more showy and dramatic qualities that may exist within it, and for that reason we must pay a very sincere tribute of thanks to the dozen members of Parliament who have been engaged in hammering out a Poor Law policy."

*The Sussex Daily News* describes the scheme as "a sincere contribution to a great problem."

Of all Booksellers, or direct from the Office:

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,  
10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

## A United West Indies

By the Honble. C. GIDEON MURRAY,  
Administrator of St. Vincent.

*The West India Committee Circular* says:—"In criticising Mr. Murray's scheme on a former occasion, we said that we could not truthfully say that any very great enthusiasm on this subject had been shown in the West Indian colonies, but events are now moving rapidly, and with the opening of the Panama Canal, now quickly approaching, greater attention is being paid to this problem. Years of debate and discussion took place before the federation of Australia was achieved, and when scheme after scheme had been dropped a referendum was taken, which showed an overwhelming vote in favour of federation. Might not eventually a referendum be taken in the West Indies, too? Mr. Murray's scheme, if adopted, would not give us a wholly united West Indies, but his suggestion undoubtedly forms a valuable contribution to the problem and it is to be feared that a more comprehensive scheme would have at the present time little chance of success. Meanwhile, Mr. Murray is to be congratulated upon his courage in grappling with this thorny problem, and it is to be hoped that his pamphlet will have a large sale, for this question of federation cannot be too widely ventilated."

*United Empire* says:—"In this unpretentious but suggestive little book Mr. Gideon Murray, the Administrator of St. Vincent, elaborates his plans for a confederated West Indies. The question of a union of the West Indian colonies has been brought forward again and again, but hitherto most of the schemes have been too ambitious. Mr. Murray's plan is more modest, and although it can only be regarded as tentative in its application and as by no means a final solution of the thorny problem of union in the West Indies, it offers a solution of certain difficulties that cannot fail to appeal to those who see that the progress of events will eventually force the West Indies to adopt a more centralised form of government. Mr. Murray unfolds his plans with admirable lucidity, and his book forms an extremely valuable contribution to the study of West Indian politics."

Price 1s. net; 1s. 1½d. post free.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO.  
KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.



# THE SILVER LIBRARY.

(A SELECTION FROM.)

Price 3s. 6d. each Volume.

**BAGEHOT (W.)**

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. 3s. 6d.  
LITERARY STUDIES. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
ECONOMIC STUDIES. 3s. 6d.

**BENT (J. T.)**

THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND.  
With 117 Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

**BRASSEY (Lady)**

A VOYAGE IN THE "SUNBEAM." With 66 Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

**BUCKLE (H. T.)**

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND.  
3 vols. 10s. 6d.

**CLODD (E.)**

STORY OF CREATION: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**CONYBEARE (Rev. W. J.) and HOWSON (Very Rev. J. S.)**

LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. With 46 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**DOYLE (Sir A. CONAN)**

NICAH CLARKE: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLESTAR," and other Tales. 3s. 6d.  
THE REFUGEES: a Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. 3s. 6d.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

OCEANA: or, England and Her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations, 3s. 6d.  
THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES. With 9 Illustrations, 3s. 6d.  
LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS. 3s. 6d.  
CÆSAR: a Sketch. 3s. 6d.  
THOMAS CARLYLE: a History of his Life. 1795-1835. 2 vols. 7s. 1834-1881. 2 vols. 7s.  
THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.  
ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. 3s. 6d.  
SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, &c. 3s. 6d.  
DIVORCE OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON. 3s. 6d.  
THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. 3s. 6d.  
THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY: an Irish Romance. 3s. 6d.

**GLEIG (Rev. G. R.)**

LIFE OF WELLINGTON. 3s. 6d.

**GREVILLE (C. O. F.)**

JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE IV., KING WILLIAM IV., AND QUEEN VICTORIA. 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER)**

ALLAN QUATERMAIN. 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ALLAN'S WIFE. With 34 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
BEATRICE. 3s. 6d.  
BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART. 3s. 6d.  
CLEOPATRA. With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C. 3s. 6d.  
DAWN. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ERIC BRIGHTYES. 51 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
HEART OF THE WORLD. 15 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LYSBETH. With 26 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MR. MEESON'S WILL. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. 25 Illus. 3s. 6d.  
NADA THE LILY. With 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
PEARL-MAIDEN: a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SHE. With 32 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
STELLA FREGELIUS. 3s. 6d.  
SWALLOW. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. 16 Illus. 3s. 6d.  
THE WITCH'S HEAD. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A WINTER PILGRIMAGE. (A Visit to Palestine, &c.) With 31 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A FARMER'S YEAR. With 36 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER) and LANG (A.)**

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. 27 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**JEFFERIES (R.)**

FIELD AND HEDGEROW. With Portrait, 3s. 6d.  
RED DEER. With 17 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STORY OF MY HEART. 3s. 6d.  
THE TOILERS OF THE FIELD. 3s. 6d.  
WOOD MAGIC: a Fable. 3s. 6d.

**KNIGHT (E. F.)**

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALERTE." With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CRUISE OF THE "FALCON." With 2 Maps and 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE "FALCON" ON THE BALTIC. With Map and 11 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Gilgit. With Map and Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**LANG (A.)**

CUSTOM AND MYTH. 3s. 6d.  
MYTH, RITUAL AND RELIGION. 2 vols. 7s.  
THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS. 3s. 6d.  
A MONK OF FIFE: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**MACAULAY (Lord)**

COMPLETE WORKS. "Albany Edition." With 12 Portraits, 12 vols. Each 3s. 6d.  
Vols. I.-VI.—History of England.  
Vols. VII.-X.—Essays and Biographies.  
Vols. XI.-XII.—Sketches, Lays of Ancient Rome, &c., and Index.  
ESSAYS AND LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, &c. With Portrait and 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY. With Notes. 3s. 6d.

**MARBOT (Baron de)**

MEMOIRS. Translated. 2 vols. 7s.

**MERIVALE (Dean)**

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. 8 vols. Each 3s. 6d.

**MILL (J. S.)**

POLITICAL ECONOMY. 3s. 6d.  
SYSTEM OF LOGIC. 3s. 6d.

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. 4 vols., 3s. 6d. each.

**NANSEN (F.)**

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND. With 142 Illustrations and a Map. 3s. 6d.

**SMITH (R. BOSWORTH)**

CARTHAGE AND THE CARTHAGINIANS. With Maps, Plans, &c. 3s. 6d.

**STEPHEN (Sir LESLIE)**

THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE (The Alps). With 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE; with other Fables. 3s. 6d.  
THE WRONG BOX. 3s. 6d.  
MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. 3s. 6d.

**TREVELYAN (Sir GEORGE)**

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. 3s. 6d.  
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY. Enlarged and Complete Edition, with New Preface and an Additional Chapter. 3s. 6d.

**VERNEY (F. P. & M. M.)**

MEMOIRS OF THE VERNEY FAMILY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With Portraits. 2 vols. 7s.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY J.)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. 3s. 6d.

## LONGMANS' POCKET LIBRARY

Fcp. 8vo. Each Volume, gilt top, 2s. net in cloth; 3s. net in Leather.

\* Except Newman's "Apologia," which is 2s. 6d. net in cloth; 3s. 6d. net in leather.

**ANSTEY (F.)**

VOCES POPULI. First Series. With 20 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.  
VOCES POPULI. Second Series. With 25 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

**ARNOLD (Sir EDWIN)**

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. With Photogravure Frontispiece after HOLMAN HUNT.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. In 5 vols. (Sold separately.)

**INGELOW (JEAN)**

POEMS. Selected and arranged by ANDREW LANG.

**JEFFERIES (RICHARD)**

THE STORY OF MY HEART. With Portrait.

**LANG (ANDREW)**

BALLADS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE. NEW & OLD LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. BALLADES AND RHYMES. BOOKS AND BOOKMEN. OLD FRIENDS: Essays in Epistolary Parody.

**MACKAIL (J. W.)**

SELECT EPIGRAMS from the GREEK ANTHOLOGY. 2 vols. (Sold separately.) Greek Text and English Translation.

**MAX MÜLLER (F.)**

DEUTSCHE LIEBE (GERMAN LOVE).

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W. MACKAIL. With Frontispieces. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)  
NEWS FROM NOWHERE. (Also in paper covers, 1s. net.)  
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON: a Poem.  
POEMS BY THE WAY.

**NEWMAN (CARDINAL)**

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, including "The Dream of Gerontius."  
APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. (Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.)  
THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS. UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. With other Fables.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG, and Photogravure Frontispiece.

**STEVENSON (R. L. & F.)**

THE DYNAMITER.

**STEVENSON (R. L.) & OSBOURNE (L.)**

THE WRONG BOX.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

LONGMANS, GREEN, &amp; CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London.

## SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE.

Prepared under the Editorship of Prof. J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A., with the co-operation of the following eleven eminent Specialists:—

A. C. D. CROMMELIN, B.A., F.R.A.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich; O. T. JONES, M.A., F.G.S., of H.M. Geological Survey; J. P. MILLINGTON, M.A., B.Sc., formerly Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge; J. H. SHAXBY, B.Sc., Lecturer in Physics in University College, Cardiff; H. J. FLEURE, D.Sc., Lecturer in Geology and Geography in University College, Aberystwyth; H. SPENCER HARRISON, D.Sc., formerly Lecturer in Zoology in University College, Cardiff; J. M. F. DRUMMOND, M.A., Lecturer in Botany in the Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; J. TRAVIS JENKINS, D.Sc., Ph.D., Scientific Superintendent of the Lancashire and Western Sea-Fisheries Committee; JAMES WILSON, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Agriculture in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; BENJAMIN MOORE, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Bio-Chemistry in the University of Liverpool; J. W. FRENCH, B.Sc., Editor of "Modern Power-Generators," &c.

The work sums up in an accurate and yet a readable fashion the present state of knowledge in Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Zoology, Biology, Physiology, Medicine and Surgery, Anthropology, and Ethnology.



Briefly, its object is to give a connected account of present-day science, with special reference to its influence on modern life. Articles are included on:—

The Nature and Cause of Sun Spots.  
Origin of the Solar System.  
Origin of Mountains.  
The Ice Age.  
The Nature of Volcanoes and Earthquakes.  
The Nature of Matter.  
The Röntgen Rays and Radiography.  
The Properties of Radium.

Electrons and Their Work.  
The Physics of Soap Bubbles.  
The Spectroscope and Spectra.  
Dispersal of Seeds and Fruits.  
The Eggs of Deep Sea Fish.  
Serum Treatment of Diseases.  
The Importance of Heredity.  
The Theory of Natural Selection.  
The Finsen Light and X-rays.  
The Cradle of the Human Race.  
The Races of Mankind.

The Submarine.  
Plant Associations.  
Strange Extinct Animals.  
Evolution of the Animal Kingdom.  
The Progress of Scientific Agriculture.  
The Village Community.  
The Life History of the Eel.  
Progress of Sanitary Science.  
The Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages.  
Aeroplanes and Dirigible Balloons.

Two movable cardboard plates of The Frog and Rose respectively will be given with the Work.

### ELEGANT ... SIMPLE ... IDEAL.

"DEAR SIR,—I received this morning Vol. I. of 'Science in Modern Life,' and this afternoon have been carefully perusing same.

"At the first sight of the book I was struck with its elegant finish and binding, and with the magnificence of the plates, but as soon as I had found a chapter that I was interested in, and settled down to read, I was agreeably surprised to find simple language and an absence of all unnecessary teratology.

"It is a book worthy to be found in a student's treasures, and an ideal addition to his library. I hope it will receive the success it deserves.

"Yours truly (Sgd.) G. W. SIMS."

SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE is complete in six large and sumptuously bound volumes measuring 10x7 in. The first volume contains two large folding maps, 19 full-page plates, and 39 other illustrations and diagrams. The 6 volumes (price 36s.) now ready.

**6/-**

It is only necessary to send 6/- with order to become possessed of this truly wonderful work. Send attached Order Form with P.O. TO-DAY.

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
135 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

CUT HERE OR WRITE  
Please place my name on your List of Subscribers for SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE. I send P.O. for 6s., and agree to send 5s. per month for six months.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
S.R. ....



**HOTELS.****SEVENOAKS.****ROYAL CROWN HOTEL.****FIRST CLASS. DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDEN**

and pastures of 12 acres; 500 feet above sea level; with charming surroundings, and places of interest, including **KNOLE HOUSE** and Park.  
Restfulness and refinement. Extensive Garage.  
Proprietor, G. MARSHALL.

**ELY CATHEDRAL**

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.  
**MODERATE TERMS.** Omnibus meets all trains.  
Proprietor, S. AIREY.

**DARTMOOR.**—Boarding in Private House; 800 ft. above sea level; fine views; shady garden; Tennis and Croquet Lawns; Stabling or Motor. Separate tables. No Rooms vacant until September. Terms inclusive.—Apply, CANTAB, Middlecott, Ilington, S. Devon. Tel.: 8 Haytor Vale.

**CROWBOROUGH.**—CREST HOTEL. An Ideal Health Resort. Splendidly situated in the Sussex Highlands, 800 feet above Sea Level. Excellent Cooking. Comfort. Moderate Terms. Spacious Public Rooms. Large Grounds. Garage. Golf. Tennis. Croquet. Billiards. Telegrams: "Crest, Crowborough." Phone No. 94.

**LITTLEHAMPTON.**—THE BEACH HOTEL. A First-class Family Hotel. Beautifully situated in its own grounds of several acres. Directly facing the sea. Good Garage. Tel. No. 55. A. GASCOIGNE, Manager.

**SHANKLIN, I.W.**—ROYAL SPA HOTEL. The largest, leading, and only Hotel near to or facing the sea. Illustrated Tariff of Manager. Patronised by Royalty.

Sport  
Society  
Drama

THE  
**BYSTANDER**

SIXPENCE. Every Tuesday

Politics  
Literature  
Fiction

THE BEST OF THE LIGHT ILLUSTRATED WEEKLIES.  
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

\*. You do not only glance at "THE BYSTANDER," you READ it.  
It is Unique, Sparkling, Daring, Original.

TERSE AND TRUTHFUL CRITICISM.

"WORLDLY" SHORT STORIES.

SPORT: a Speciality. GOLF, HUNTING, LAWN TENNIS.

Published by the Proprietors of the "GRAPHIC," Tallis House,  
Tallis Street, E.C.

THE  
**WHOLE ART OF RUBBER-GROWING**

By **W. WICHERLEY, F.R.H.S.**

Now Ready. 5s. net.

INTERPLANTING, TAPPING SYSTEMS, COST OF  
PLANTING, HABITS OF TREES, &c., &c.

WITH A SPECIAL CHAPTER ON THE SOYA BEAN.

Copies may be ordered through any Bookseller, or direct from  
the office (5s. 4d. post free.)

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,  
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

**THE RUBBER WORLD.**  
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

This Week's Issue contains:

THE MARKETS.  
HOW TO SELL RUBBER: AUCTIONS OR IN-  
SCRIPTION?  
DIVIDEND POSSIBILITIES OF SEREMBAN.  
RUBBER OUTPUTS FOR JULY.—III.  
THE GREEN BUG.  
BESOKEI.

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM, in the United Kingdom, 6/6;  
Abroad, 8/8.

10 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

**THE MARCONI COMPANY.****THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.**

THERE was a large attendance of shareholders at the ordinary general meeting of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. (Ltd.), held at the Whitehall Rooms yesterday, Mr. Marconi presiding.

The Chairman said that he had little doubt that the report and accounts would afford the shareholders as much satisfaction as they afforded him. In order to dissipate some erroneous impressions, he wished it to be clearly understood that the Company did not buy and sell shares in the ordinary sense of the words. Such share transactions as the Company entered into were closely allied; in fact, it would be difficult to separate many of them from business which would come under the heading of contracts. If they were fortunate enough to dispose of shares higher than the par value or the price at which they had represented payment to them so much the better for the Company's profit and loss account. During the past year they had benefited in that way, and accordingly they thought it prudent to take advantage of the occasion and allocate £100,000 to a general reserve account.

The Chairman continued: "When I addressed you last year, and referred to the contract which we had entered into with his Majesty's Government with respect to the Imperial wireless scheme, I little thought that we were on the eve of a campaign of a nature which I should think has never before been experienced by any private enterprise. I would not for a moment have believed that the spirit of fairplay in this country could have reached so low an ebb. Nor would I have believed that for such considerations which obtained in connexion with the whole of this campaign a British industry such as ours should have been so imperilled. It has required the most strenuous efforts on the part of our managers and administrators to protect our interests abroad during all this period, and I am glad to say that they had succeeded in doing so. I cannot learn of an instance where Parliament has ever before had recourse to the sledge-hammer power which it possesses of placing a private enterprise in such a position, that its only alternative to making further concessions demanded of it would be the imperilling of its reputation and business throughout the world. Such has been the anxious and responsible position which your directors have had to face. It must not be supposed that much of the programme which we had in immediate contemplation when we addressed you last year has not suffered some delay. Our accounts speak of the progress which we have made, but that progress would have been far greater to-day had it not been for the circumstances to which I have just referred. It is therefore with no small degree of relief and satisfaction that we have been able to inform you that, notwithstanding Parliamentary intervention, we do not believe that the altered conditions of the contract will prove of any material disadvantage to the Company, but thanks only to the strong position which our Company holds." Although there was no doubt that wireless telegraphy was in a condition of rapid development, he thought that it could safely be said that this method of communication would continue to be based on the production and utilisation of electric waves. There seemed to be a prevalent misconception in the lay mind that continuous waves were in some way essentially different from the discontinuous waves produced by what are called spark systems. Such a view was quite erroneous. The Marconi Company possessed methods of its own which permitted it to utilise wherever it thought desirable either a spark system or a continuous wave system. The Chairman referred warmly to the attacks which had been made on Mr. Godfrey Isaacs.

Mr. Isaacs, who seconded, said he was going to venture a prophecy that the date was not far distant when, with our tea in the morning on board ship, we might hear the ring of the bell, and, taking the telephone off its hook, we might talk to those whom we had left behind, tell of the sort of night we had passed, and learn the sort of night they had had, and be able to express the disposition we felt towards our breakfast. He said the Company was keeping more than abreast with developments in wireless telephony.

Mr. Currie (a shareholder) inquired how the rumour got about that a 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. dividend was going to be declared.

The Chairman: We know nothing whatever about it. It did not emanate from the Company or anyone connected with it.

Mr. Currie: I am afraid it emanated from somebody connected with it.

Mr. Isaacs: From whom?

Mr. Currie: The brokers of the Company.

Mr. O'Brien, a partner in the firm of official brokers to the Company, denied that the rumour had been circulated by anyone in his office, or that they even thought a 30 per cent. dividend would be paid.

The report and accounts were adopted.

# THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

Edited by T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D.

A series of Greek and Latin texts with English translations on the opposite page, prepared by the foremost scholars, printed in clear type.

Cloth 5/- net, limp leather 6/6 net per vol.

*Mr. Heinemann is able to announce that he will publish the following volumes in this well-known series this autumn.*

## IN SEPTEMBER.

APPIAN'S ROMAN HISTORY. Volume IV. Horace White.

CICERO, LETTERS TO ATTICUS. Volume II. E. O. Winstedt.

PETRONIUS. Michael Heseltine.

## LATER.

JULIAN. W. C. Wright. 3 volumes. Volume II.

CICERO, DE FINIBUS. H. Rackham. 1 volume.

DE OFFICIIS. Walter Miller. 1 volume.

HORACE, ODES. C. E. Bennett. 1 volume.

TACITUS, DIALOGUS. Wm. Peterson. GERMANIA AND AGRICOLA. Maurice Hutton. 1 volume.

SUETONIUS. T. C. Rolfe. In 2 volumes. Volume I.

BARLAAM AND IOASAPH. H. Mattingly and Rev. G. R. Woodward. 1 volume.

Twenty-five volumes published in 1912.

*Please write for full prospectus.*

## A FIRST SELECTION FROM MR. HEINEMANN'S AUTUMN LIST.

**MY FATHER:** Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences. By Estelle W. Stead. Demy 8vo. Illustrated, 8s. 6d. net.

Biography of the late W. T. Stead, by his daughter, which contains Mr. Stead's own reminiscences of some of the most interesting events of his career, hitherto unpublished.

### FIGURES IN FRENCH HISTORY.

Each volume large demy 8vo. with Illustrations, 10s. net.

A series of biographies of some of the most arresting figures in French History, not always, perhaps, the most obviously prominent, but those which supply the most vivid and unusual side-lights on the history of their own times.

**MIRABEAU.** By M. Louis Barthou, Premier of France.

**THE DUCHESSE DE CHEVREUSE.** By M. Louis Battifol.

**THE RENAISSANCE:** Savonarola — Cesar Borgia — Julius — Leo X — Michael Angelo. By Arthur, Count Gobineau. English Edition, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Demy 8vo. with 16 Illustrations, 10s. net.

A book which reveals the essence of the Italian Renaissance. A classic in France and Germany, but hitherto unknown in England, though highly esteemed by the few who know it in its original language, and warmly praised by George Meredith.

**PEDAGOGICAL ANTHROPOLOGY:** By Dr. Maria Montessori, Author of the Montessori Method of Child Education. Demy 8vo. 14s. net.

The foundation of the Montessori Method. In this book will be found the basis of the underlying principles of this theory of education which has recently revolutionised our ideas.

### THE ROMANCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

**CARIBOU.** By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," &c. With numerous Plates from the Author's photographs. Imp. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Dugmore, the most wonderful of all nature photographers, tells with his pen and his camera of the habits of the Newfoundland Caribou and especially of their amazing migration, a phenomenon seldom seen by any man.

### SOCIAL WELFARE IN NEW ZEALAND.

By Hugh H. Lusk. Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6s. net.

A treatise showing the results of the wonderful social and economical experiments carried out in New Zealand—experiments far in advance of anything attempted in the Old World.

### LATEST SIX SHILLING FICTION.

The Woman Thou Gavest Me. (4th Imp.) Hall Caine.

The Headquarter Recruit. (2nd Imp.) Richard Dehan.

O Pioneers! Willa S. Cather.

Lu of the Ranges. E. Mordaunt.

Virginia (2nd Imp.) Ellen Glasgow.

The Idiot. (3/6 net) F. Dostoevsky.

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.